

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1890.

CONTENTS.

1. THE ORIGIN OF HUMAN REASON. <i>By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith</i>	I
2. ITALY BEFORE THE RAILWAYS. <i>By the Rev. John Morris, F.S.A.</i>	
Part the Second	27
3. THE TOMB OF ST. ABERCIUS. <i>By Herbert Thurston</i>	38
4. THE ROMAUNTE OF THE BLESSED JOHANN. <i>By T. P. Bullivant</i>	57
5. A FRENCH BISHOP IN FRANCE	60
6. ART METAL-WORK AMONG THE JEWS. <i>By F. A. Marshall</i>	71
7. IRISH WORTHIES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: FATHERS THOMAS WHITE AND NICHOLAS COMERFORD. <i>By the Rev. Edmund Hogan</i>	79
8. GLENCOONOGE. <i>By Richard Brinsley Sheridan Knowles</i>	99
Chap. XI.—The Course of True Love.	
" XII.—Next Sunday.	
REVIEWS	121
1. The Pope and the New Era. <i>By William T. Stead.</i> 2. The Spanish Inquisition. <i>By the Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger.</i> 3. The Book of Jeremias. <i>By Joseph Knabenbauer, S.J.</i> 4. Unserer lieben Frauen Rosenkranz. <i>By</i> <i>Father Thomas Esser, O.P.</i> 5. Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. <i>By the Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R.</i> 6. The Life of St. Francis of Assisi. <i>By Miss Lockhart.</i> 7. Institutiones Logicales, Accommodavit Tilmannus Peschi, S.J. Pars II. 8. My Time, and what I've done with it. <i>By F. C.</i> <i>Burnand.</i> 9. Lord Allanroe; or, Marriage not a Failure. <i>By B. E. T. A.</i>	
LITERARY RECORD	146
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH, 48, SOUTH ST., GROSVENOR SQ.

LONDON : BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN : M. H. GILL AND SON.

BALTIMORE : JOHN MURPHY AND CO.

Price Two Shillings.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

**THE GREAT
BLOOD
PURIFIER
AND
RESTORER.**

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE?"

CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

**LARGEST SALE
OF ANY
MEDICINE
IN
THE WORLD.**

The Great Blood Purifier and Restorer. For Cleansing and Clearing the Blood from all impurities, it cannot be too highly recommended.

For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores.
Cures Sores on the Neck.
Cures Sore Legs.
Cures Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy.
Cures Eczema.

It Cures Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all Impure matter,
From whatever cause arising.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains.
It removes the cause from the blood and bones.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Important Advice to all.—*Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, and sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul—your feelings will tell you when. Keep your blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.*

Sold in Bottles **2s. 9d.** each, and in cases containing Six times the quantity, **11s.**, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

TRADE MARK, "BLOOD MIXTURE."

Ask for CLARKE'S World-Famed BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation.

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street, late 533, Oxford Street, London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED,

DUBLIN, 1865. PARIS, 1867. HONOURABLE MENTION INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.
VIENNA, 1873.

ZAEHNSDORF,

For fifty years at 36, Catherine Street, Strand, will remove in June to larger premises in

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

Bookbinding, Artistic and Plain.

SPECIALITY: LIBRARY BINDINGS.

VANHEEMS AND WHEELER,

Exclusively Clerical Tailors.

The only House in England which is conversant with the Roman formula in respect to the canonical dress of the Catholic Hierarchy.

47, Berners Street, London, W.

LE

).

ood

and

the

most

e.

h the

use it

w.

cient

ND

3 or

OLN.

all

TE,

lled

ssed

most

in the

n.

onical

The Origin of Human Reason.

WITH the appearance of *Mental Evolution in Man* by Mr. Romanes, and the prompt reply which it has received from Mr. Mivart in his *Origin of Human Reason*, the controversy concerning the possibility of an evolutionary origin of the higher faculties of man may be considered to have entered upon a new stage. When Mr. Darwin first advanced the evolutionist thesis in his *Descent of Man* he drew the substance of his argument from a comparison of the bodily structure and growth of man with that of the lower animals, and was content with a loose statement of the mental and moral resemblances between them. He was content to urge in a general way that the brutes, particularly those standing highest in the animal scale, share with man a variety of instincts, such as those of self-preservation, sexual love, love of offspring; of emotions, such as pleasure, pain, fear, suspicion, courage, temper, affection, jealousy, pride, shame, emulation, curiosity; of faculties so intellectual as those of imitation, attention, memory, and imagination; even of that reasoning faculty, or power of drawing inferences, which is specially claimed by non-evolutionists as the distinctive prerogative of man. He freely admitted that mental development in man attains to an excellence immeasurably surpassing anything found in the brutes, and that the very lowest savage is far superior in this respect to the highest ape. Nevertheless he maintained that there was nothing to prove the difference to be one of kind rather than of degree: that after all it was paralleled by similar immense differences between, for instance, "the mental powers of one of the higher apes and of a fish, or between those of a scale-insect and an ant:" and that on the other hand, the mighty intellectual strides made by man in a comparatively short time could be adequately explained from the fact that in him the faculty of speech had for the first time

attained to a stage of development when it could become just such a mighty instrument of intellectual progress as steam or the printing press have been since their discovery.

Such was Mr. Darwin's argument, and from the time of its first proposition by its author, Mr. Mivart, himself an evolutionist as regards the origin of the animal species and the body of man, has kept up a constant protest against its looseness. The essential element in the problem is to determine whether this difference of mental power discernible between the two orders, is one of kind or degree. Development is transition from state to state of the same thing. If any powers in man differ in kind from those of the brute they are not the same thing and cannot be rooted in the same thing. There may indeed have been, so far as philosophy can tell, an evolutionary element in the compound upon which the new element differing in kind has supervened by special creation. But no one can think that the material could by any process of growth pass into the immaterial. Starting from the common recognition of this truth, Mr. Mivart has insisted that we cannot rest satisfied with a hasty survey of external resemblances. Our investigations must be more subtle and searching. We must examine profoundly by self-introspection into all the faculties we possess, and endeavour to ascertain their exact nature. We must next take note of the external phenomena which are the respective outcomes of their activity, again with much care so as not to lose sight of any fundamental differences which may underlie superficial likenesses. Then in the third place we may turn our attention towards the brutes, to gather from a like careful study of their external activities how far these imply internal principles identical with any of those of which we are conscious in ourselves.

This would seem to be obviously the method of common sense, but Mr. Mivart's voice had cried in the wilderness without attracting any candid attention from the disciples of Mr. Darwin, until at length Mr. Romanes came forward to accept and examine the issue. We have already recognized Mr. Romanes' qualifications for the task. He is Mr. Darwin's recognized scientific heir, and he has for some years been devoting his studies to this particular branch of the general subject. *Mental Evolution in Man* is the third volume of a still incomplete series, the earlier volumes of which are *Animal Intelligence*, a classified collection of facts bearing on the matter,

and *Mental Evolution in Animals*. No one who reads these volumes can fail to recognize the author's desire conscientiously to face the issue, and to undertake a thorough and profound analysis and comparison of the mental processes observable in man and his mute companions. Unfortunately all this labour misses the mark through a strange incapacity in the investigator to comprehend the position of his opponents. Unfortunately, that is to say, under one aspect; for it is always unfortunate that the course of a discussion should be distracted and delayed by misconceptions of what is to be met. And yet fortunately under another. As one reads Mr. Romanes' pages, the mind gets to realize how completely the evolutionist position is bound up with these misconceptions, how absolutely void of argument it becomes when once the fallacy of materialism is dispelled. At the same time it is a pleasing duty to acknowledge the great wealth of relevant facts which this writer has collected; material which his opponents will find most valuable for the illustration of their own teaching.

Mr. Romanes takes his point of departure from four supposed antecedent presumptions. They have already been referred to in *THE MONTH* in our recent notice of *The Origin of Human Reason*, and they are well known as forming the substance of Mr. Darwin's argument. We must restate them, however, and briefly reconsider them, since, although styled antecedent presumptions, they constitute the primary motives which induce evolutionists to demand the inclusion of man within the compass of their theory. The analysis of states, which forms the substance and the special feature of *Mental Evolution in Man*, is directed much more to the removal of difficulties against the theory than to its establishment. The presumptions, then, are these:

(1) Evolution is acknowledged to reign throughout the domain of life until it arrives at the stage when man appears on the scene. But it is antecedently most improbable that having governed the manifestations of life up to its terminal phase it should be stayed just then and be made to yield to an opposite process.

It would be improper to take exception to this argument for its assumption that evolution has controlled the manifestations of life previous to man. A writer is entitled to select the adversaries with whom he will join issue, and Mr. Romanes in his present series only undertakes to reason with those who do

accept the postulate referred to. He seeks to show that if Darwinism is a correct account of the law of brute life it must hold good of human life too. Moreover, Mr. Mivart is well known to accept the evolutionary hypothesis in its substance as governing the animal kingdom. Nevertheless the reasoning offered to establish this first presumption does contain an unwarrantable assumption. It confounds under the generic designation of life the two species which the opponents of Mr. Romanes maintain to be distinct in kind. If it were conceded from the outset that animal and rational life are not distinct but one in kind, then it would certainly be surprising that evolution should stop just short of the terminal phase of this one life. On the other hand, if they are distinct it is no marvel, it is only the necessary consequence, that the new kind should have its commencement in special creation and only thence proceed to evolve itself through stages towards the goal of its ultimate perfection. Thus this first of Mr. Romanes' presumptions is seen to involve not merely an assumption but an assumption of the primary point which is challenged by the opposite side. His opponents assert the impossibility of an evolutionary origin of the human mind, *because* its life is distinct in kind from that displayed by animal psychology; and they are met by a reply which is reducible to this: "You admit that between the two lives there is no distinction in kind, and therefore you have no ground for denying them to be two stages in a single evolutionary process." This is bad enough, but Mr. Mivart naturally pushes his advantage further.

That there is an absolute break between the living world and the world devoid of life is what scientific men are agreed about, thanks to the persevering labours of M. Pasteur. . . . There is, then, one plain evidence, that there has been an interruption of continuity, if not within the range of organic life, yet at its commencement and origin. But we go further than this, and affirm without a moment's hesitation that there has and must necessarily have been discontinuity within the region of organic life also. We refer to the discontinuity between organisms which are capable of sensation and those which do not possess the power of feeling. That all the higher animals feel will not be disputed. . . . On the other hand, to affirm that the familiar vegetables of our kitchen-gardens are all endowed with sensitivity, is not only to make a gratuitous affirmation, but one opposed to evidence, since no vegetable organisms possess a nervous system; and it is a universally admitted biological law, that structure and function go together. If, then, there are any organisms whatever which *do not* feel, while certain other organisms *do*

feel, then (as a door must be shut or open) there is, and must be, a break and distinction between the one set and the other.¹

On the strength of these experimental results, Mr. Mivart of course transfers the presumption to his own side of the argument. Whatever experimental evidence we have goes to show that in its antecedent course evolution has had to sustain at least two breaks implying special creation, or some equivalent agency, to introduce new forces into the world; one at the terminal phase of the evolution of brute matter implying the introduction of the principle of vegetative life, the other at the terminal phase of the evolution of vegetative life implying the introduction of the principle of sensitive life. Accordingly, if the phenomena of rational life prove to be different in kind from those of sensitive life, the introduction of their principle of production is on the strict lines of previous analogy.

(2) Mr. Romanes draws his second antecedent presumption from the phenomena exhibited by human childhood. Every human individual, he urges, passes through a process of gradual development and evolution, which commences from the zero level of mental life, and may culminate in genius. Yet "there is nowhere and never observable any sudden leap of progress such as the passage from one order of psychical being to another might reasonably be expected to show." If, then, there can be continuous transition from the animal to the human level of intelligence in the individual, a like transition from race to race must be both possible and antecedently presumable.

Here is another argument which derives its seeming force from a latent assumption of the very point which is to be proved.

No "order of psychical being" is perceptible by us in itself, but only in its effects; and we know quite well (through persons who from accident or disease are temporarily deprived of speech, or even reason) that an "order of psychical being" may be certainly in existence, and nevertheless unable, from accompanying physical conditions, to make that existence manifest; while we also know (from the further education of children already plainly intellectual) that one and the same "order of psychical being" may become better able to manifest its latent power through changes in its environment, *e.g.*, through education².

In like manner the fact that the infant does not for some time manifest intelligence, but only the phenomena of sensitive

¹ *Origin of Human Reason*, p. 10.

² *Ibid.* p. 15.

life, is quite consistent with the existence within it of a distinct principle of rational life, and may be due to the immaturity of development to which its physical conditions have as yet attained. In other words, Mr. Romanes' hypothesis of a gradual development of intelligence from the zero level is not, to say the least, the only conceivable interpretation of the observed facts. He ought, therefore, to prove and not assume it. Moreover, as no one is likely to grant him that a passage from kind to kind is possible by evolution, he is virtually assuming that there is no distinction in kind : that is to say, he is assuming again just the very point he has to prove. Once more, however, Mr. Mivart does not stop here, and again finds cause to extract from the facts which his opponent has invoked, a presumption which tells against evolution. Mr. Romanes urges the absence of any obvious and conspicuous interval between the immature and the mature human being. Just so. But between the brutes and man there *is* an obvious and most conspicuous interval. "No doubt the difference in this respect (*viz.*, of mental power) is enormous, even if we compare the mind of one of the lowest savages, who has no words to express any number higher than four, and who uses no abstract terms for the commonest objects or affections, with that of the highest organized ape."¹ The inference would seem to be in favour of a difference of kind in the latter case, against it in the former.

(3) Mr. Romanes draws his third *à priori* argument from a supposed parallelism in detail between the scales of mental faculties through which the human individual on the one hand, and the animal race on the other, is deemed by him to pass in the course of its development from its lowest to its highest stage of intelligence. He has classified under this aspect the phenomena of animal intelligence, and has exhibited them in a tabulated form. Thus he finds Memory making its first appearance in the Echinodermata and the infant of one week ; Reason and Association by Similarity in the Higher Crustacea, Fish, and Batrachia along with the infant of three to four months ; Communication of Ideas in the Hymenoptera and the infant at five months ; Recognition of Pictures and Understanding of Words in Birds and infants of eight months ; Use of Tools in Monkeys, Cats, and Elephants, and in the infant of a year ; Indefinite Morality in the Anthropoid Apes and Dogs and in the infant at fifteen months. Mr. Mivart condemns all this

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i. p. 34.

alleged parallelism as "quite fanciful and baseless, and really unsustained by any of the arguments advanced in its behalf." Mr. Romanes does not go deep enough in his scrutiny of infant intelligence: otherwise, as Mr. Mivart here states and afterwards proves, he would have been able to detect the distinguishing marks of a really intellectual nature and true abstract ideas in the human infant, even as early as three months from birth. Nor is this all.

Man is an animal, and, therefore, might be expected to undergo (as he does undergo) an anatomical and sensuous development similar to what we find in those animals, the adult condition of which he most nearly resembles. But even here there is a startling difference. In no known apes are the young nearly so slow in their bodily development as children are, and in no mere animals do the psychical powers shoot forward so wonderfully in advance of bodily evolution as they do in man. These facts we rely upon with confidence as affording another strong *a priori* probability, the exact reverse of that for which Mr. Romanes believes he has found evidence.¹

(4) The fourth *a priori* argument on which Mr. Romanes relies is as follows. That self-same mental evolution, he says, which is visible in its ascending course up to the advent of man is found also to continue its progressive advances in him. The intelligence of the (human) race has been subject to a steady process of gradual development in the arts and appliances of life.

It is strange that any one should be moved by a fact so completely neutral as this. On the hypothesis of its origin by special creation, just as much as on the hypothesis of its origin by evolution, human intelligence could, and presumably would, be so constructed as to pursue an ascending course of growth and development not confined to the individual and terminable with his death, but continuing its advance towards higher and higher manifestations through the succession of generations and races. So far then there is no presumption whatever to be scored in favour of Mr. Romanes. And yet again there is a presumption arising out of the facts he invokes which goes against him. Mr. Mivart writes :

Though it is not true that all races of men, or that most of them, are, and still less have ever been, thus continuously progressive : and, though it is true that a certain enlargement of brain, and probably an

¹ *Origin of Human Reason*, p. 17.

increase in practical intelligence has taken place in animals, yet the difference as to psychical advance between men and animals is vast. In no species of mere animal have we an approximation towards the evidence of advance, since that species has existed as a species, which is comparable with the advance which some races of men have made.¹

Mr. Mivart is here dealing with antecedent probabilities, and is careful not to imitate his opponent in assuming any point at issue. He therefore confines his appeal to the broad fact of the striking difference between the gigantic strides of progress made by the human race and the real but insignificant advances made occasionally by certain classes of birds and animals. Had he felt justified in drawing upon the results of his subsequent reasoning, he could have pointed out that in man this perfectibility is demonstrably due to the exercise of true intellectual ratiocination, whereas in the brutes it is due only to the Association of Phantasms. The latter is capable of originating such slight advances as we see, for instance, in foxes and other animals, which learn how to avoid traps, or to regard man as harmful and trains as harmless to them. But it is capable of little more. Ratiocination on the other hand contains within itself the potentiality of all the progress hitherto attained, and of much more which we may anticipate in the future from its exercise by the truly intellectual faculty in man.

Thus the ground is cleared of all fictitious presumptions in favour of evolutionism, and even pre-occupied by some sound and strong presumptions pointing towards origin by special creation. We have now to take note of the results of that careful examination into the true nature of the mental phenomena exhibited on the animal and human side which Mr. Mivart has demanded and Mr. Romanes has attempted. We have seen already what in Mr. Mivart's estimation, and most truly, ought to be the method of procedure, and how important a place in the method is occupied by self-introspection. Observation of the object-world, even when served by experiment and anatomy, can only discover the outside surface of mental phenomena. Self-introspection is the sole instrument in our possession capable of discovering their inner nature. Mr. Romanes deserts this procedure as impracticable at the most vital point—viz., when the nature of consciousness is in question—and takes

¹ *Origin of Human Reason*, p. 18.

refuge in idealism; but otherwise he maintains it and endeavours to apply it. The method therefore needs no further vindication, although we must take note of a technical term which he borrows from Professor Kingdon Clifford, as it is one of frequent occurrence in his writings. Since the mental states of others reveal themselves to us only in their outer coating, and we have to infer the inner element from the connexion observed between it and the same outer manifestations in ourselves, these writers call the inferred element the *eject*, as being something ejected from our own mind into the object to complete it. This term is misleading if it is to be taken as implying that the process of ejection involves an unfounded assumption of likeness between the mental states of subject and object. If, however, we agree to disregard this false implication, the term may be usefully employed. It is convenient to have a compact term of general acceptance to designate an entity to which there is frequent need of referring.

In examining and cataloguing the mental states, we may confine our attention to those which are cognitive and sensuous as distinguished from those which belong to the volitional and emotional order. This is done by Mr. Romanes himself, and with perfect reason. The apprehensive faculties are the roots of the appetitive, and impart to the latter their special character. The apprehensive faculties are distinguished by Mr. Romanes and classified in the following manner. Resting on the authority of Locke, which he unwarrantably treats as an authority likely to be received with deference by his opponents, he first distinguishes *percepts*, which are of present objects, and *ideas*, which he alleges to be pictures of past percepts or of combinations of past percepts. Thus, I perceive with vividness my friend who is at the moment standing in front of me, and later on, when he is gone away and I get a letter from him, my imagination produces a mental picture, mostly visual and auditory, which is a faint image of the previous perception. "The word *idea*," says Mr. Romanes, "I will use as a generic term to signify indifferently any product of the imagination, from the memory of a sensuous impression up to the result of the most abstruse generalization." This procedure involves a confusion against which, later on, it will be our duty to protest strongly with Mr. Mivart. For the present, we are only recording our opponent's classification. The term *idea* being thus taken in a generic sense, it is necessary to distinguish and catalogue

its species. All existing objects are individual objects, and accordingly, in Mr. Romanes' philosophy, percepts are necessarily individual. Those ideas which are simply memories of percepts, and, therefore, representative only of individual objects, he calls *simple ideas, particular ideas, concrete ideas*. But there are most certainly mental images, whatever be their nature, which, neglecting the individuating characters of the object, abstract from it and represent only those notes which, as being the characteristics of its kind, it shares with all other objects of the same kind. Although I never see or hear any but individual men, my idea of man stands equally well for any man whatever, and it does this just because it only includes the notes which constitute man as such, and leaves out of account the notes of height, colour, form, feature, &c., which appear united in the visual picture formed on my retina when I see the individual who is my friend standing before me, or reproduce his image, after his departure, in my fond recollections of what he was to me. On account of their applicability to all objects of the same kind which accrues to these ideas as a necessary result of their abstractive character, they are called *universal or general*. Here, however, Mr. Romanes tries to introduce a distinction. There are certain of these universals, he tells us, which arise in the mind without the use of language, while there are others which require it as an indispensable condition to their formation. The former are of a simpler and more concrete kind, being composed only of notes which appear on the surface of the external objects. They can, therefore, arise spontaneously in the mind when it enters into converse with the outer world. To this class belongs the idea it obtains of a *horse*, when one horse after another has presented itself to the gaze, and is seen to resemble so closely the rest of its species. To this class belong also such simple ideas as those of *kindness, cruelty, hunger, thirst, brownness or whiteness, cold or heat, &c.* To the higher class belong the notions which the mind obtains of a *triangle, of equality, being*, and such-like more abstract entities. These not asserting themselves with the same degree of prominence on the surface of the external objects, require a more refined power of discrimination to isolate them from their environment and compare them with one another. This more subtle discriminative power, on being analyzed, is found to involve the following elements. First, self-consciousness, or the faculty by which the mind can stand, as it were,

outside of itself, so as to objectify and contemplate its own previous mental states. By this means it is enabled to bring them together and compare objects which nature does not show together, and thereby detect the more general and abstract notes which they possess in common. Secondly, there must be the deliberate intention to apply and direct the reflective survey along appropriate routes of classification. Thirdly, the aid of language is required to focus the reflective attention and give stability to its products by naming the abstractions as abstractions. And this language must be the language of articulate speech, for the abstractive process cannot be carried into the higher regions of thought until it is served by an instrument of that flexibility.

The spontaneously formed universals Mr. Romanes calls *generic* ideas, and the others *general*; pleading the convenience of having distinct terms by which to denote the distinct sorts, as his apology for allocating differently terms so closely synonymous. The *generic* ideas he further calls *recepts*, and wishes to reserve the accepted name of *concepts* for those described as *general*. He urges that *recept* is the appropriate designation of a state towards the origination of which the mind has co-operated only by a simple response to impressions received from without; and that, in like manner, *concept* is the proper name where the mind concurs in the productive process by its own origination of the material which external sources have supplied.

As there are these distinctions observable in the formation of ideas, so also, according to our author, are there corresponding distinctions assignable in the processes of inference, which he understands to consist in the perception of the equivalence of relations. Accordingly, he divides *inference* also into *receptual* and *conceptual*; *receptual* inference being such comparison of simple relations as can be made spontaneously, without the aid of reflexion and language; and *conceptual* inference such comparison of more abstract and complicated relations as requires intentional application of the reflective faculty, and consequently, does need the aid of language. Hence we have from him distinct chapters on the Logic of Recepts and on the Logic of Concepts.

That these mental states are all of them found in man, Mr. Romanes believes he can take for granted, as indeed he can, so far as they are correctly described. The line of demarca-

tion between man and the brutes he takes to be that which divides receptual from conceptual ideation :

All the higher animals have general ideas of "good-for-eating," and "not-good-for-eating," for the animal subjects the morsel to a careful examination before consigning it to the mouth. This proves, if anything can, that such an animal has a general or abstract idea of sweet, bitter, hot, and in general good-for-eating and not-good-for-eating—the motive of the examination clearly being to ascertain which of these two general ideas of kind is appropriate to the particular object examined. (p. 27.)

So also have animals, especially the higher animals, the power of drawing inferences of the simpler and more concrete kind. Mr. Romanes had collected and classified into a complete scale many such instances of "animal intelligence" in the earlier work bearing this title. To these he refers back as proofs of his present statement. He also considers some of them afresh, and adds others, to which he makes his proximate appeal as justifying his attribution to animals of the inferential faculty, and indicating the elevation to which it can attain within the purely receptual sphere. Thus, thirsty dogs run into hollows as likely places for water ; elephants have been known to blow beyond an object in order to drive it towards them, and bears to draw floating bread towards them by pawing the water. Dogs accustomed to tidal rivers know how to make allowance for the current, as they swim across. Mr. Darwin's bitch, at the call, "Hi! hi!" would run up trees in pursuit of expected game. Ants have learnt to tunnel under the rails of a tramway which lay across their path. Wolves reveal their possession of an abstract sense of danger by avoiding traps : stags double before going to bed, in order to confuse the trail. Archbishop Benson's dog, to the cry of "Pigs!" would go out to hunt them in the garden after supper. Crows can count up to four or five the number of men going out to shoot them, so that it is hopeless to try and deceive them by sending out two or three to a hiding-place near the nests, and causing all but one to come back. Most of all, reliance is placed by Mr. Romanes on the notorious intelligence of the chimpanzee "Sally," at the Zoological Gardens. This gifted animal is described by him as able to count correctly as far as five, an operation which would certainly involve inference. That it is able to do that, Mr. Mivart denies for reasons which will appear presently ; but it has undoubtedly been trained to put together and offer in a

single bunch "two, three, four, or five straws, as may be demanded of it, or only one."

Whilst on these grounds Mr. Romanes claims for animals the power of forming such generic ideas and drawing such simple inferences as fall under his definition of receptual ideation, he declares himself unable to detect in them any indication of the presence of those higher abstractions which he has called concepts. Similarly and consequently he detects no traces in any class of animals of the (to him) corresponding faculty of objectifying their ideas. He concludes therefore that in the attainment of this latter faculty we have more precisely than in conceptual ideation itself the dividing line between the psychology of man and brute. Curiously he imagines that this is an assignment to which his opponents will assent.

It (the distinction between man and the brutes) consists, as I believe all my opponents will allow, in the power of *objectifying ideas*, or of setting one state of mind before another state and contemplating the relation between them. The power to "think *is*"—or, as I should prefer to state it, the power to think at all—is *the power which is given by introspective reflexion in the light of self-consciousness*. It is because the human mind is able, so to speak, to stand outside itself, and thus to constitute its own ideas the subject-matter of its own thought, that it is capable of judgment in the technical sense above explained, whether in the act of conception or in that of predication. For thus it is that these ideas are enabled to exist beside the judgment not *in* it: thus it is that they may themselves become the object of thought. We have no evidence to show that any animal is capable of thus objectifying its own ideas. (p. 175.)

The line of demarcation being thus assigned by Mr. Romanes, his next step is necessarily an attempt to show that the requisite conditions for crossing it, though actually absent, are potentially present in the higher animals. We can only give the barest abstract of his demonstration. Self-consciousness he defines to be "paying the same kind of attention to internal or psychical processes as is habitually paid to external or physical processes—a bringing to bear upon subjective phenomena the same powers of perception as are brought to bear upon the objective." Now, he urges, that there are many images in the minds of animals and children to be attended to will be readily admitted, but they show themselves generally unable to advert to them except on the receipt of stimulation from without; although

indeed that they can make, even without such stimulus, some rudimentary efforts in this direction is clear from the fact of their dreams, hallucinations, pining for absent friends, &c. Animals have further a sort of outward self-consciousness, a recognition of self as a feeling and active agent, though not as an object of thought: and conjoined with this they have a sense of their own distinctness from all other animals. They have likewise the power ejective to interpret the mental states of the latter which resemble their own. Beyond this stage no animal is found to go. But the reason of their inability is assignable. The condition of further progress lies in the possession of a developed sign-making faculty. The sign-making faculty Mr. Romanes believes them to possess in germ; and he insists strongly that it is a germ, and therefore contains potentially the developments of language actually found in man. Had the higher brutes, such as monkeys, elephants, and dogs, as developed a sign-making faculty as man, he believes they would be able through this instrumentality to pass into the sanctuary of subjective knowledge. For this, he says, is apparently the means by which that further passage is effected by the human infant. The child is enabled by its rich supply of words to signify to other minds the contents of its own receptual knowledge, among which are its perceptions of the mental states of others as expressed in their gestures, tones, and words. All these severally receive their appropriate names, and so gain in clearness and precision as ejective images of the corresponding states experienced by the child itself. Thus equipped, the child is at length able to reflect upon these states of its own, and name them, thereby focussing attention upon the states and coming to apprehend them with distinctness and stability. It is now, with the aid of memory recalling its past states and setting them by the side of that present, able to rise to the perception of the Ego, that is to say, to the full introspective consciousness. In short, the brute is like a person attempting to do geometrical calculations in the head without the aid of slate and pencil: the child like one possessing slate and pencil and perhaps even an algebraical calculus.

If it be indeed true that the child and the brute proceed in this manner *pari passu* as far as outer self-consciousness and ejective interpretation of the states of others, and that the further progress in the brute is only arrested through the want of a sufficiently perfect faculty of sign-making,

Mr. Romanes is justified when he passes on to his further conclusion that the presence of self-consciousness in man and its absence in the higher brutes is in the last resort attributable to an accident of anatomy: that the reason why the parrot cannot be self-conscious is because it has not the intelligence of the monkey, and the reason why the monkey cannot be self-conscious is because it has not the excellent vocal organs of the parrot; whilst on the other hand, the reason why the child can be self-conscious is because in it the two requisite excellencies have happened to coexist and run together into an act of fertilization of far-reaching importance.

This is the essence of Mr. Romanes' system, though of course he completes the skeleton with many subordinate theories, and clothes it with much detail. Into these we cannot and need not enter. We must now go on with Mr. Mivart's aid to submit the theory to criticism.

Our first criticism must be one of partial approval. The name *recept* is not free from objection. It contains a false implication, since, as Mr. Mivart truly remarks, the mind is active and not merely receptive even in this operation, although not so thoroughly active as when it is forming concepts. Moreover, the old word *phantasm*, which has all along been current in the scholastic philosophy, is as convenient in form, and has the advantage of indicating the faculty from whose activity these 'mental pictures' proceed, the faculty of imagination (*phantasia*). On the other hand the term *recept* does not any more than the term *phantasm* indicate the note of universality which Mr. Romanes recognizes as the characteristic feature of the class and that on account of which it requires a distinctive name. In what respect is the name *recept* less applicable to the "memories of percepts" than to these quasi-universals elicited in the same manner by the same faculty? Nevertheless, if Mr. Romanes is able to obtain currency for the new term, it may be accepted with satisfaction. It is certainly desirable that this class of mental pictures should be recognized and fixed by the assignment of a name, and the name *recept* is sufficiently descriptive. Let it then be understood that by *recepts* are meant the class of mental pictures which are formed by the imagination and are characterized by these two essential features: (1) they are extended, or composed of parts distinct from one another and so placed as to enter into space relations amongst themselves, (2) they are sufficiently indeterminate in

their representation of the object to be able to stand as generalized pictures applicable to any individual of the same class.¹ It must be added, however, that Mr. Romanes can only claim to be the discoverer of these receptual universals in the sense that it is through him that they are likely to become better known to the students of the philosophy called modern. Mr. Mivart gives references to St. Thomas of Aquin and other scholastic writers, ancient and modern, which make it manifest that under the name of *sense-universals*, these receipts have all along been recognized and more accurately designated in the schools. Mr. Mivart had himself previously brought this matter before English readers on more than one occasion.²

Mr. Romanes hardly employs his doctrine of receipts otherwise than as a stepping-stone by which to construct an ascent from the animal order of intelligence to the human. The doctrine, however, has an immense importance, which begins to appear when we observe how these sense-universals tend to become associated together by a tight bond, so that whenever any one element in the combination recurs in actual sensation it tends to draw after it the rest. In this law of associated sensations, Mr. Mivart, who has made himself the special exponent of this subject, finds the adequate explanation of the phenomena of so-called animal intelligence. We may quote from his former work, *On Truth*, a passage in which the doctrine is clearly set forth.

When any group of sensations has become intimately associated with certain other sensations, then, upon the recurrence of that group, an imagination of the sensations previously associated therewith spontaneously arises in the mind, and we have an *expectant feeling* of their proximate actual recurrence. Thus the sensation of a vivid flash of lightning has come, by association, to lead to an expectant feeling of the thunder-clap to follow, and the sight of what looks like an orange, may lead, in a thirsty man, to an expectant feeling of sweet juiciness,

¹ As to the origin of this indeterminateness of representation, Mr. Romanes is in agreement with Mr. Galton, who finds its analogue in the process of superimposing a number of individual photographs, say of dogs, on the same sensitive plate, the result of which is a blended or generalized photograph, giving a class-representation of dogs free from individualizing characters. Mr. Mivart (*On Truth*, p. 191) seems also to accept this explanation. But is it necessary? Is not the indeterminateness of representation arising out of the imperfect representation of a single object sufficient to give to it this quasi-universal character? And on the other hand, if the universality were the result of blending, does it not seem that it could not appear till many individuals had first passed under notice? This, however, is contrary to experience.

² See, for instance, *On Truth*, pp. 191—206.

quite apart from an intellectual recognition of the properties of an orange in the latter case, or of the relation between thunder and lightning in the former case. This expectant imagination of sensations yet to come, brought about by the presence of a definite group of feelings freshly experienced, has a certain analogy with reasoning or inference, although altogether distinct from it essentially. We may, then, distinguish this kind of feeling as *sensuous inference*. Closely allied to it is that feeling of wondering expectation which sometimes arises—as, for example, when we hear some strange sound or see some unexpected movement—together with the satisfied feeling which ensues when the wondering feeling is calmed through some new experience—as, for example, the sight of some bird which has caused the sound or motion. We refer, of course, to mere feelings which may spontaneously arise, apart from the intellect; and such feelings are the sensuous antecedent or accompaniment of the intellectual apprehension of causation. (p. 195.)

Beyond what is here said it needs no special argument to show that the expectant feeling excited by the recurrence of the first of the elements associated into a series will pass into an impulse to any feasible action tending to afford it satisfaction by realizing the expectancy. This also is what we experience in ourselves. The sound of the starting game is at once followed, without the intermediacy of any intellectual perception of relations, by the pointing of the sportsman's gun.

What more than this is required to explain the phenomena referred to above which Mr. Romanes sets down as proofs of the reality and far-reaching character of animal intelligence? Dogs which have already drunk from the waters of the valley, will thereby have received compound sense-impressions in which descent into the hollow will be associated with the sense of thirst and the discovery of the water, as an intermediate stage in the successive series. Exactly the same sort of receptual or imaginative combinations will explain the pawing of the bear and the blowing of the elephant to draw objects towards them, and will explain also the other adjustive proceedings of animals brought forward by Mr. Romanes. In each case, given the association of the required sensations, the action noticed would tend to result, on the principles just expounded, without the intervention of any intellectual perception of the relation between the means employed and the end desired. The association of the sounds one, two, three, &c., with the corresponding number of straws in the case of the chimpanzee "Sally," involves, no doubt, something more subtle in the line

of sense-discrimination, and still more is this involved in the behaviour of the crow which can distinguish up to three the number of its aggressors. But after all even there the degree of discriminative perfection, though enough to make its appearance in animals a little wonderful, is not enough to require its transposition to a different category of intelligence from that including the other instances. Indeed Mr. Romanes shows no desire to detach it from them.

The true problem is, in fact, not so much whether association of receipts can explain adaptive action, as whether the establishment of such associations can be explained without the agency of true intellectuality. When animals are taught by man far more wonderful results than these are obtained, but there intellect is present to guide the association into adaptive channels. Can the same result be attained without it? Really the difficulty does not seem to be particularly great. The course of experience and accident are sufficient to originate most of them. The course of experience would itself establish the association which causes dogs to seek water in the hollow or, when crossing tidal rivers, to make allowance for the current. Accident would establish the association between pawing or blowing and the resultant approach of the food towards the animal. Ants which originally tried to pursue their course over the rails would have sustained fright on seeing the massacre of their fellows, and the repulsion thus caused would naturally drive them to try tunnelling, as the alternative most in the line of their instincts. That a stag should double on its own footsteps must be referred mainly to instinct, the ultimate origin of which is not now in question. Conjoint experience and training is quite sufficient to explain the behaviour of Mr. Darwin's dog and of Archbishop Benson's. Mr. Mivart has personally ascertained that the interesting behaviour of Sally in putting straws through the meshes of her cage took its origin in an accident, and the remainder of her performances are of course the result of training. The wariness of the crow is not so much inferential as discriminative. The bird will not be confused by the multiplication of individuals, but keeps each individual steadily in view as a possible source of danger.

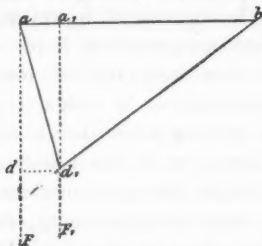
There are cases of a more striking character than this in Mr. Romanes' previous book, *Animal Intelligence*. For instance, to take an extreme one, he there tells us that he can guarantee instances of cats not merely pulling bells, which is sufficiently fre-

quent and recognized, but jumping at the bell-wires passing from outside into houses the doors of which the cats desired to have opened. The difficulty here alleged is that bells are not usually rung in that way, so that the cats could not have learned by observation the possibility of the process. The solution which Mr. Romanes suggests is that the animals must have observed that when the bells were rung the wires moved, and must then have concluded by a process of inference that jumping might perhaps produce the same effect. This solution he considers to be the simplest possible. We may plead, however, that a far simpler one is to suppose that some accident, if it was not training, had first taught the animals to ring, and had originated the association in their imaginations. It is true that a single accidental occurrence seems hardly an adequate cause for the association. But how are we to know that there was only one? Mr. Mivart comments strongly on the frequent mal-observations and misinterpretations of animal intelligence which do, and must, inevitably arise when the observers are not guided by sound principles. They are then prone to leave out of account as unessential circumstances which are really of vital importance, and to read into the actual phenomena others which are only their own mistaken inferences. There seem to be many instances of this defect in the collections Mr. Romanes has made.

We have not the space to dwell further on this interesting topic, and fortunately it is unnecessary, now that we have Mr. Mivart's masterly works for our readers to consult. To this source we may refer them. For ourselves we are confident that when intrusive elements due to mal-observation have been eliminated, no phenomena of animal intelligence have yet been brought forward which do not admit of explanation on the indicated lines of sense-universals and their association into groups. This, however, means the clearing away of one half of the premisses on which evolutionists rely; indeed, of the only half which causes any solid difficulty. If animal 'psychology' does not ascend higher than the association of receipts, it does not transcend the sphere of the material: and the sole remaining point is to determine whether that sphere is transcended in the mental life of man. If it is at any single point in the rising scale of his psychical processes, he is proved to possess a principle of life which he cannot have received through evolution.

Of course the opinion just expressed, that the tendency

of associated receipts to recur in their associations can explain all the known phenomena of alleged animal intelligence, refers only to cases of the sort already illustrated. There are others to which Mr. Romanes occasionally appeals, which clearly require a different explanation. For instance, he relates on the authority of Mr. S. P. Langley,¹ the well-known astronomer, the achievement of a tiny spider which succeeded in hauling up a fly twenty times its own size. The original position of the fly was at F (in the diagram). The spider first descended



at F as far as d , where it fastened the end of an almost invisible thread. It then ascended with this thread to a , and ran along ab to b , where it attached the other end of its guy, and hauled with all its might, thereby bringing the fly to F . It next descended at a , to d_n , weaving another thread which it attached at d_n , casting off the thread ad_n , and then proceeded to haul again at b . In this manner, by repeated operations, and the occasional weaving of a new guy, it raised the fly to the level of ab .

Clearly a proceeding like this is not explicable by association of reprints. But what then? If referred to the category of animal intelligence it would prove too much. It would make the spider to possess a degree of true intelligence not only approximating towards the human, but considerably surpassing the level to which the human attains in the mass of individuals. Are there not even highly-educated men incapable of the discovery of this little problem in forces? Evidently, then, we have to see in the spider's proceeding, nothing more than a manifestation of instinct. Its method is quite in the character peculiar to spiders. The case merely goes to show, in common with others of the same sort, that instinct, although on the whole rigid, can be characterized by a certain plasticity. Nor is this wonderful; that is to say, more wonderful, than instinct itself always is and must be, in spite of the sanguine attempts

¹ P. 62.

to account for it as the mere outcome of Natural Selection and lapsed intelligence fixed by heredity.

We have seen that Mr. Romanes draws his line of demarcation at self-consciousness. Into any criticism of the analysis he has given of the manner in which he supposes self-consciousness to have arisen out of receptual activity, we must refrain from entering for reasons of space. Nor is such a criticism though desirable also necessary, since we place the dividing line far in front of this position. How Mr. Romanes could have imagined that his opponents would assent to his assignment of it at self-consciousness is hard to understand. To place it there would, from their point of view, have been a huge absurdity. Self-consciousness is reflex cognition, and reflex cognition obviously pre-supposes direct cognition. It is at the latter point, at cognition in itself, that they claim to draw the line. They maintain that concept-forming is an operation essentially distinct from recept-forming, that it does not of necessity involve any reflexion at all of the mind on its own processes, any conscious and deliberate intention, or any absolute dependence on language; but that, on the contrary, it arises in the course of the mind's direct, spontaneous, and most primitive survey of external nature, although of course in its higher flights it requires the aid of reflexion and language, and the control of will. This definition of our position already of itself undermines a portion of our opponent's reasoning, on which he lays great stress. For some time before it rises to the habit of reflex consciousness and the use of articulate speech, the human infant displays a degree of intelligence surpassing any found in the higher animals. Imagining he can assume without opposition that all this tract of infant ideation is contained within the purely receptual sphere, he proceeds to gather from its superiority over animal ideation the high degree of development to which receptual ideation can rise before it passes into conceptual. Such an argument is of no avail against those who are prepared to maintain that the entirety of this infant psychology is conceptual. Yet what follows, save that Mr. Romanes is left without any proof whatever that receipts can rise to a level which brings them within even a specious approximation to concepts?

However, the essential point is to determine what is the true nature of the concept. Mr. Romanes is a materialist, and consequently a nominalist. He even supposes his opponents to be nominalists like himself. Accordingly, he will recognize

no mental element lying behind the extended sensuous pictures called receipts. Nothing, he says, intervenes between the receipt and the name: and the concept is, in its simplest form, only the name of a bundle of receipts; in its more abstract forms, the name of a bundle of concepts, of receipts, perhaps we may say, raised to the second or some higher power of naming. Certainly, if this materialism and nominalism were the truth, a full surrender to the evolutionists would be our clear duty. But it is flagrantly contrary to the verdict of all sound self-introspection. I see an alms given to a poor man, and the picture of the act remains impressed on my imagination. Then I begin to meditate on *charity*, and commence with forming to myself the concept of its meaning. Obviously, my thought or idea of charity is something very real, and yet something altogether different from the imaginative picture or receipt of the alms-giving. The imaginative picture, like the sensation whence it originated, is characterized by extension and space-relations. In the thought, extension and space-relations are absolutely incomprehensible. In like manner the thought is something entirely different in character from the name. It is the *meaning* of the name, and is the same whatever be the name devised to signify it. My thought or idea of charity is identical, whether I speak English, or Greek, or Chinese.

When the immaterial concept is at length recognized, it will be found that, although intrinsically distinct from the receipts, it requires their aid towards its formation. Sense-impressions must first be present themselves to the mind, combined in due order and unfolding themselves in due succession, until they come to exhibit the 'whatness' of the object which has caused them. Then at length the concept flashes into existence. For instance, I have before me an object which conveys sense-impressions to my organs of sight. I see a box-shaped apparatus with a roller set across its top, and a key-board with notes on which the letters of the alphabet are inscribed. We use the words box, roller, key-board, &c., as more readily descriptive. But it must be understood that what the eye sees is merely a combination of coloured surfaces and shapes. So far the nature of the apparatus—its 'whatness'—is not sufficiently revealed. Presently I see a sheet of writing-paper placed upon the roller. The notes on the key-board are then struck one after the other on some principle of succession. At last the sheet is taken off and I find that it has received impressions corresponding to the letters on the notes struck.

Again, the reader must be reminded to treat these visual pictures solely as masses of colour arrayed into certain shapes. He should further notice that these different pictures, involving as they do successive states of the apparatus, cannot be presented simultaneously by the eye. What happens is that the imagination retains the impression of all the past states, whilst the eye goes on to represent the state actually present. In this manner all the states are simultaneously presented to the mind: and then there starts up suddenly into existence the perception of the 'whatness' of the type-writer. This is the concept.

This description of the concept and its relation to the sense-impressions called receipts, is of course very slight and incomplete. But it may serve to set the reader who will be at the pains to undertake a little careful psychological self-introspection on the right track of discovery. Mr. Mivart's systematic expositions in his *On Truth*,¹ should, however, be read, as the detection of the concept is of supreme consequence. When once this detection is obtained, it carries with it immediate conviction and places beyond all doubt the spiritual character of the soul. There must be a proportion between the act and the agent. If the act is found to be inextended and immaterial, so also must the agent be; that is, it must be spiritual—and consequently not evolved. Indeed, that this conclusion logically flows from its premisses is hardly disputed. The existence of the premisses, that is, of an order of concepts such as have been described, is what the materialist refuses to recognize. The thesis of the evolutionist, when he seeks to comprise the higher mental faculties of man within the scope of his theory, is essentially bound up with the fortunes of materialism.

Although, since it is thus shown to be an immaterial entity, the bare presence of the concept in some acts of the human mind is enough to refute the evolutionist theory, it is desirable at least in a few words to assert the extent to which the concept pervades the mental life of man and discriminates it from that of animals in those particulars which carry on their outer surface a degree of resemblance; a resemblance, we may remark, by-the-way, altogether natural, since even man is an animal, and his intellectuality supervenes on his animality, which exercises towards it a necessary ministerial function.

Receipts and concepts alike possess in some sense the character of universality. But the universality of receipts is not strict universality. The image impressed on the imagina-

¹ Chaps. xiv. xv.

tion is necessarily that of a single individual. It is only because its outlines are blurred and undefined that it becomes approximately representative of many individuals of the same kind. Nor can it travel away from the concrete. It can only represent as they stand the coloured, sonant, odorous, &c., objects which face it in its contemplation of the outer world, without power to penetrate into their natures and to dissect these into their constituent notes. Concepts, on the other hand, are true universals, and can do all this. They can perceive the 'whatness,' and by the exercise of abstraction can analyze it into its ideal elements, ranging through all the categories and ascending or descending the scale of logical genera and species.

Concepts, again, can give rise to true judgments in which ideas are compared and synthesized by affirmation of their agreement or difference. Mere receipts, on the other hand, can only be 'apposed' by the animal, or rather become apposed in the animal, in the sense that one receipt calls up another of those which, through the play of external forces on the sense organs, have come to be associated. The range of the latter is very narrow, being bounded by the possibilities of associating influences which can arise in the course of experience. The range of the former is as illimitable as are the relations which the vast array of ideas can bear to one another.

That which has been said of the contrast between the judgments arising out of conceptual ideation and the 'appositions' or associations into which receipts tend to fall, has to be repeated of the contrast between true intellectual inference and the simulated inferences of animals. The character of the latter has been examined and found to be still due to the action of receptual association and the undiscerning impulses which attend it. The character of intellectual inference is seen by self-introspection to be quite different. Its true nature does not consist in reasoning from particular to particular, which would be no cogent reasoning at all but mere unwarrantable assumption. It consists, with all deference to Mr. Mill, in drawing out into explicit knowledge the truths implicitly contained in the judgments which form the premisses. The nature and cogency of this process is investigated in treatises of Logic, and needs not to be expounded here. It is only necessary to refer to these treatises as witnesses against the sciolism which would confound intellectual inference with the simulation of inference by receptual association. We may refer also to the difference of method pursued in the teaching of

animals and of children as bringing the contrast into clear view. In training animals the one endeavour is to establish the requisite associations and to consolidate them by frequent repetitions. In the training of children, except when it is a question of their learning by rote, the one endeavour is the exact opposite. It is to make them independent of associations and solicitous to 'understand' the nature and grounds of the truths taught. And just because intellectual inference *understands*, is it able to advance so far and boast its mighty achievements in all the fields of mental enterprise.

Lastly, we have to notice how the true doctrine of concepts bears on the constitution of human speech and its essential distinction from the so-called language of animals. Mr. Romanes notes as the distinguishing property of human speech, that it is able to use words as moveable types which it can arrange in sentences according to the exigencies of the meaning that is in the mind, whereas, animal 'sign-making' is "stereotyped in the framework of special and direct association." Just so. But what does this acknowledgment imply save that between the two uses there is an essential difference? The human mind understands the function which it attaches to speech, and the fitness of the latter for the purpose. Therefore it employs words as the outer signs of its own meanings or concepts, and in consequence, combines the former according to the same laws under which it combines the latter. The animal, on the other hand, does not understand the function of words. It has a natural tendency to express its emotions by sounds and gestures, and to respond by appropriate action to sounds and gestures emitted by others. It can also be occasionally trained by the formation of associations to express, as in the case of parrots, or respond to, as in the case of dogs, &c., articulate words or sentences which for man have a signification bearing on the action sought to be elicited from the animal. For the animal, however, these are not words, but sounds or vocal gestures. That is why they are never responded to by the animals when taken out of the framework of association formed in the animal, and cannot be employed either by them or for them as moveable types. Mr. Romanes' contention that animals have at least in germ the sign-making and sign-comprehending faculty is thus seen to be ungrounded. They have it no more in a rudimentary than in a developed form.

It will perhaps be objected that all this is assertion, not

proof. But full justification has been given, of which the reader may be reminded, now that we are about to conclude. The nature of human intelligence is manifested directly to self-introspection. This is the warrant for all that has been said about it, and therefore this part, at all events, is not mere assertion. Nor is the other. We have consciousness in ourselves of recept-forming and the law of association which governs it. This, when examined as a likely cause of the phenomena of seeming intelligence discoverable in animals, is found to suffice. On the other hand, if true intellectuality and not receptual association lay behind their activity, it is inconceivable that it should not display itself, as it does in us, in far superior achievements. Even the lowest savage, let it be remembered, is acknowledged by our opponents to be vastly superior in intelligence to the highest ape. Moreover, men can always be truly educated, and animals never can, in any other way than by the establishment of associations. With all this in view, it would be most irrational to impute to the lower animals true intellectuality as we find it in ourselves from self-introspection. Indeed, our opponents are not so absurd as to claim this. Their endeavour is not to exalt animal ideation to the spiritual order, but to depress human ideation to the material order, and we maintain that in so doing they set themselves in clear opposition to the direct results of sound self-introspection.

We are fully sensible of the shortcomings of our treatment of this far-reaching subject. Indeed, it is too far-reaching to be susceptible of adequate treatment in an article. We shall have gained our object, however, if we have succeeded in interesting our readers in the question, and in impelling them to study it more completely in Mr. Mivart's pages. They should read the *Origin of Human Reason*, his latest work, which is specially devoted to criticism of Mr. Romanes, and they should also consult his previous work, *On Truth*, which, whilst of a more comprehensive character and dealing directly with our means of arriving at philosophical truth, contains a great deal that is necessary for the understanding of the present discussion. It only remains to thank Mr. Mivart for these two valuable and convincing contributions to the maintenance of a truth which hardly yields in importance to any other imaginable.

S. F. S.

Italy before the Railways.

PART THE SECOND.

THE English College at Rome has a country house at Monte Porzio. The village so called is on the edge of the Alban Hills, not far from Frascati. Below is the broad Campagna, stretching from Palestrina and Tivoli right round to Rome, and extending across to old Soracte—St. Oreste it is called now—in the distance. On the side of the hills, there was a Camaldolese Monastery, which the readers of Cardinal Wiseman's *Last Four Popes* will recognize; the height above it, that we called Tusculum, with a cross on it erected by the students of the English College; a rich hill-side nearer to us, with fine Spanish chesnut trees; a house of Carmelites on another hill-top called St. Silvestro, where there was a charming picture of St. Teresa; a village beyond called Monte Compatri; and further round still, and somewhat further from us, and on lower ground, nearer to the Campagna, the village of Colonna.

None of us who were privileged to spend our vacations there ever forget Monte Porzio. During the long and trying month that preceded Cardinal Wiseman's death, I well remember the phrase being used as a cordial, "Let us talk about Monte Porzio." He loved the memory of it dearly, and so we all did and do. I was amused the other day by a Post Office stamp that reminded me of the Cardinal in a way that would have pleased him greatly. The stamp was "Monte Porzio Catone," and I was told that the Italian Post Office had added the name "Catone" to distinguish our Monte Porzio from some other that we had never heard of. Now "Monte Catone" was the name that Cardinal Wiseman gave to the hill with the Spanish chesnut trees that I was speaking of a minute ago—a hill on which we could look from our refectory window at the College, and a charming, restful look out it was.

By and by I may come back to Monte Porzio; it was

always a pleasure to do so : but at this moment I am using it as a centre for various expeditions around. It has been my starting-point for many such, with various excellent companions, few of whom are now surviving. Some of those excursions seem to me to be worth recalling, and my memory of them is more distinct than that of more important events of later occurrence. The story of one such expedition, the longest and perhaps the most interesting, I proceed to tell.

We were a party of eight, seven students and myself, who then was Vice-Rector and of course in some sense in charge. I do not now feel quite certain who all these seven were, but five names recur to me readily, and of those five four are dead. God rest them. They became zealous priests, who did God good service in England. At the time I speak of I was the only priest of the party.

We were on foot of course—the way to see the country and to enjoy what you see. We entered into the Kingdom of Naples near Sora, visiting on the way the Trappist Monastery of Casamari, to which I will return in some other expedition. I think it was on this occasion that we were led away under a sort of arrest by a Neapolitan soldier on the frontier, who marched us into Sora to give an account of ourselves. We passed a comrade of his on the road, who asked him, “Whom have you got there?” Our escort answered, *Gli inglesi, che fanno la loro solita passeggiata*—“The English, out for their usual walk.”

We made our way with little adventure past the Lago di Fucino, then a fine lake, which long ago Prince Torlonia drained and converted into cornfields, as an investment for his money. All I remember of our lodging there was an altercation with the people of the inn who charged us heavily for having provided a full meal for a large colony of their fleas. Their prices were impressed upon me as exorbitant by what happened when next we were housed in a wayside inn.

We came down upon the Adriatic, and emerging from the Kingdom of Naples, we re-entered the Papal States at a little town called San Benedetto. There were houses and inns by the side of the road, which ran along the beach ; but behind these houses there was a steep cliff, and on the top of this was the parish church and the chief part of the town. Our custom was when we entered a town where we were going to sleep, to depute two of our party to settle about rooms, food, and all we

needed, while the others amused themselves as best they could. This time I think they bathed in the Adriatic, while Dr. Roskell and I went off on a tour of inspection in the upper town, before we settled on our quarters. In the middle of the *piazza* before the church, the parish priest was talking to a layman. We went up to them and asked the *parroco's* advice where we should lodge. "This gentleman is the very man for you," said he; and away he went, leaving us with his friend the layman.

We immediately found that we were in strong hands. "Come with me," he said; "you are very fortunate in having found me. I am the very man for you." He said so much in praise of our good fortune, that I said to Dr. Roskell, "I wonder whether he is an inn-keeper himself," and under this impression I told him that we were extremely obliged for the trouble he was taking, but that he must distinctly understand that we meant to judge for ourselves. He dropped his congratulations, but continued to lead us to one of the inns on the road side opposite to the beach.

We went in with him, and he said to the landlady, who was as obsequious to him as possible, "Show these gentlemen your beds." "Are you content?" he said to us. "Are they clean? Is everything to your liking? *Cinque bajocchi*—twopence halfpenny a piece." We had not grumbled at four times that elsewhere, and at once we saw that things were looking well for us this time. "Fetch a *foglietta* of your best wine," said he. "There, taste that, and don't forget the taste of it, for you must not be put off with any other. So much the *foglietta*, and no more." And now," he said to the landlady, "what will you cook their dinner and serve it for?" "So much; very good, now come with me, gentlemen, to the butcher's and we will buy your meat." On our way to the butcher's we were as civil to our powerful friend as all the Italian we could muster between us enabled us to be. The meat was ordered and paid for, and the bargain made that the butcher should send it to the inn forthwith; and then our patron, taking off his hat, and saluting us with a low bow, said, "To-morrow morning, gentlemen, before you start, I shall do myself the honour of calling upon you." When we got to our inn, the landlady, who naturally did not look best pleased, said, "Do you know who that was you brought in here with you?" "No," we said. "He is the Commissary of Police."

Next morning our good friend the Commissary paid us a

formal visit. His services to us were not yet ended. He said, "Gentlemen, you are on your way to Loreto. You have forty miles to go along the Adriatic. There is nothing to repay you the fatigue of walking. If you will like to ride, there is a return *vettura*, which will hold you all comfortably, and if you will follow my advice you will take it. You can have it at half-price." We consulted together and accepted the offer, and we left San Benedetto in state, our friend the Commissary accompanying us to the door of our nice two-horse carriage, and we taking off our hats to him as much as ever we could.

Our *vetturino* took us safely and quickly to Porto di Fermo, just half-way to Loreto. There he very naturally told us he would have to stay awhile to bait his horses. We, nothing loth, turned out to look about us. At the time he told us, we returned to him and found another and very inferior carriage, and what was worse, another passenger already in possession of a back seat. Eight Englishmen, each one with a determination not to be done, were not likely to acquiesce; and so, passing over the change of carriage, we objected very distinctly to the extra passenger. Our driver was not going to give way, neither were we, so we told him that he had broken his contract, we were not bound to pay him anything, but as he had brought us half way we would pay him half that had been agreed upon, and we would finish our journey on foot. He flared up into a great rage and said he had two sons, and that the three of them had knives, and we should not leave Porto di Fermo alive. We on our side laughed, and told him that eight Englishmen with sticks were not afraid of three men with knives, so he might do what he liked.

As the man would not take the money we offered him, we looked round and saw a little *gendarme* not far off, so we called to him to ask where the *Gendarmeria* was. "Ah," he answered, *non mi impiccio in queste cose*—"I don't mix myself up in things like that." "You foolish fellow, do you suppose that, in a little place like this, we cannot see the Papal flag hanging up to mark the place?" So leaving the passenger sitting in the carriage, and the driver storming and fuming, we went in search of the *Gendarmeria*, and found it in a minute. Asking to see the commanding officer, we were shown upstairs, and there we sat, all eight of us, in a circle round the lieutenant of *gendarmes* in his *sanctum*.

The sense of the ludicrous struck us forcibly, but we did

our best to be as grave as the dignity of our officer required, and so we told him our story. The lieutenant then went to the head of the stairs, and cried out, "Antonio!" The answering voice at the bottom of the stairs was that of our little *gendarme*, and the words it said were those we had heard it say before, *Oh, signore, non mi impiccio in queste cose*. The police force, under the command of our lieutenant, seemed to consist of our little *gendarme*, whose one idea of his duty was not to mix himself in what promised to be disagreeable. Not this the idea of our lieutenant, who drew himself up to his full height—he was a tall, handsome man—and with the most melodramatic air I ever saw, let fly at the small *gendarme* down the staircase the noble sentiment, *Quando la patria commanda, ciascuno obedisce*, which means something like Nelson's famous "England"—only here it was another *patria*—"expects every man to do his duty."

The little *gendarme* not doing his duty, we got tired of expecting him to do it, and I suggested to the lieutenant that the *vetturino* would doubtless accept the money from him, and we with good conscience could then go on our way to the Holy House. The man took the money, of course; and we, with a *Buon giorno, signore*, that did not amuse him, and a *Buon viaggio, signore*, to our intended fellow-traveller, started off, at four o'clock in the afternoon, to walk our twenty miles to Loreto.

Our young lieutenant said that it would be safer for us if he went a mile or two with us, but we soon found out that there was something he wanted to say. *Lor' signori*, he said to us, belonged to a College in Rome: that College had a Cardinal Protector: that Cardinal Protector had influence, and could get a poor lieutenant of the *Gendarmeria* transferred from a miserable station like Porto di Fermo to something better. We, on our parts, were civility itself, but we never promised that. "Porto di Fermo, *Signor Luogotenente*," we said, "was one of the most delightful places we had seen. How happy the lot of the lieutenant of *gendarmes* who was quartered there! And who so likely to distinguish himself for his good offices to travellers as our excellent friend?" The more he pressed the Cardinal Protector upon us, the more we gave him of the praises of Porto di Fermo. And so at length he left us, our civility having lasted out beautifully, in repayment for the service he had done us.

On the way there was a large house with five windows on a floor, facing the sea. At a well near it a servant was drawing water when we came up. We asked her to get us a glass that we might quench our thirst, and as we were talking to her, the centre window opened, and at it appeared two dear old ladies, who asked us whether we should not prefer a bottle of wine. The first bottle was succeeded by another, and we stood there under the window, holding converse with the good-natured old bodies, who told us that Cardinal Piccolomini came to them every summer—Cardinal Piccolomini who was half an Englishman, for his mother was a Jackson. *Una grande famiglia, non è vero? la famiglia Jackson*, as I once heard the good Cardinal say.

It was time to step out, for twenty miles was a good walk after four o'clock in the afternoon. And unfortunately Dr. Meynell—there were, I think, three in the party at least who afterwards became doctors of divinity, and I use their titles here by anticipation—Dr. Meynell broke down, and Dr. Roskell and I had almost to carry him up to Loreto. On that expedition of ours each one of us broke down once, and once only, and never two on the same day. I remember my breakdown perfectly, how I sat by the wayside on a heap of stones till a wine-cart came by that gave me a lift to the next village, where I hired a mule. For Charles Meynell we could get no help, so he put an arm round each of our necks, and made believe to walk between us. The last two or three miles up to Loreto were all uphill, and the clocks were striking midnight as we three got in. The others had gone ahead to order supper, and to get a mustard bath ready for Paul—so we called him, for his name was Charles. How he screamed, poor fellow, as the circulation of the blood was restored! He was all right the next day, and never broke down again. That supper after midnight was of no use to me, for I would not have missed saying Mass at the *Santa Casa* on any account, so there was nothing for it but to go supperless to bed.

Three days we spent at Loreto, and they were delightful. The *Santa Casa* for devotion surpasses anything I know in Rome. *Verbum caro hic factum est*, "The Word was *here* made flesh," comes home to you with extraordinary force. The altar of the Annunciation outside, the altar with the famous image of Our Lady of Loreto within, the many lamps always burning, the earnest devotion of the innumerable pilgrims, the Masses

succeeding one another without ceasing for hours and hours, the magnificence of the gifts in the treasury, the sculptures of our Lady's life casing the Holy House, the stones within, the very stones of the Holy House of Nazareth, witnesses of the Hidden Life of the Thirty Blessed Years—it is like a pilgrimage to Nazareth and more, to visit the *Santa Casa* at Loreto. Pilgrims enter the vast Basilica which covers the Holy House, shouting *Evviva Maria e Chi la credè!* It matters not what else is going on. The cry of the pilgrims rises up, as though the joy of entering there was irrepressible, and they could not conceive that any one at that moment should have any other thought. They have brought with them from their distant homes special clothing to be worn only in their visit to the Holy House, and then to be put by for them to be buried in. When they go out of the church, they back out, as from the presence of Royalty. They go round the Holy House on their knees, and often on bare knees, and they have worn a deep furrow in the marble pavement. And every one in the vast Basilica attends to himself and to his own devotion, while the Canons are singing their Office in the choir, and confessors in dozens of confessionals are hearing the pilgrims' confessions, and Holy Communion is being given to hundreds, and processions are going away and processions arriving. Such is my impression and recollection of Loreto. It was a charming thing of an evening to see the sanctuary closed. A Canon mounted up over the altar to dust and then to cover the statue of our Blessed Lady; and as he went quietly and slowly through his work, he said the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, all the people answering him, and he added many *Aves* for all sorts of intentions, public and private. This is the origin of our familiar Litany of Loreto, and all its loving invocations spring from the tender thoughts respecting our Lady entertained in her chiefest sanctuary by those who were engaged in this homely and domestic service to her.

I have a tender remembrance of our sweeping out the Holy House on our knees, by permission of the Capuchin Fathers, who then had charge of the sanctuary; and we went round outside on our bare knees as other pilgrims did. The groove that had been worn by the knees of innumerable pilgrims had, at least in one place, a very sharp edge, and when I came in contact with it, the pain instantly threw me forward on my face.

We spent three days in Loreto, and that was just the number of times that a priest, visiting the place in pilgrimage, is allowed to say Mass for his own intentions. After that he must accept an alms, but there was nothing to prevent his giving his own alms, and so securing his own intention. But the alms he gave was larger than the alms he received, for the ecclesiastical authorities had decreed that the alms for a Mass at Loreto should be three pauls instead of two, as elsewhere in Italy, that is a franc and a half instead of a franc; and one-third of the sum was devoted to the Basilica.

The great church erected over the Holy House is the only public church in all Loreto. It contains a multitude of altars, and the Masses said there, besides those celebrated in the sanctuary, are very numerous; and as there is no other church, all the inhabitants have to come there to hear Mass. This is done to maintain the dignity of the *Santa Casa*, and to keep the people about it. The story runs that a good man once set to work to build a church in Loreto, and when it was done he offered it to the Bishop for consecration. The Bishop sent him into retreat to find out whether it was our Lady's wish it should be consecrated, and the end was that it was given to a religious house to serve as its domestic chapel. The moral seems to be to consult the Bishop, and even to go into retreat, before you build your church.

The morning we left I crept into the church as soon as it was opened, long before daylight. The lamps before all the altars that line the nave showed the way to the sanctuary of our Lady. I entered in, and early as it was, Mass had begun. I was able to go to Holy Communion, though I could not wait to say Mass; and I leant against the hallowed stones of those walls to make my thanksgiving. That man is happy who has had the privilege, once in his life, of visiting the Holy House of Loreto.

On our way home we paid a visit to two Saints. One was St. Nicholas of Tolentino, of whom I only remember that little tiny biscuits were blessed under his invocation. The other was St. Joseph of Cupertino, of whom there are a large number of memorials at Osimo. This was the Saint who had such marvellous ecstasies. When imprisoned as a trial by order of the Inquisition, he came out in ecstasy through the window bars; and at Osimo, when he looked out towards Loreto and thought of our Lady and her Holy House and the paradise it had been

to her, he used to fly up in the air in his ecstasy. They show at Osimo a tree, in the branches of which he was caught on occasion of one of these heavenly flights.

If we hasten back to Monte Porzio perhaps I may have the time to tell of another pilgrimage we made to a sanctuary of our Blessed Lady nearer home. Gennazzano is the place where there is the beautiful shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel. It is just eighteen miles from Monte Porzio, and I have been there many times, but one of those visits in particular I wish now to recall. Eighteen of the students went with me, which is by far the largest party I ever had charge of. We had staying with us at Monte Porzio at the time that extremely charming man, Bishop Willson, of Hobart Town, and he said he thought us mad. Our plan was to get some supper very late and to start at midnight, to do our eighteen miles in the dark, and have our Mass at the sanctuary early in the morning before the throngs of pilgrims came. The feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel is kept at Gennazzano on St. Mark's day, and in other places on the day following. It is picturesque in the village, crowded by visitors, all bent on doing honour to our Lady, to see the parish procession of the Greater Litanies, with its cross and purple vestments, winding its way through the narrow and densely-filled streets.

Our start at midnight, with the 25th of April just beginning, was under circumstances that seemed to verify Bishop Willson's estimate of us. It was raining and blowing all the night. Every one was armed with a torch, but the weather was such that all but one would suddenly be extinguished. Somehow one always remained alight, for the others to be speedily relighted from. We had first to get clear of our Alban Hills by narrow and wretched lanes, mere paths leading to the vineyards, and it was too dark for us to pick our way, so we had to walk straight on through pools of water. Then we had a stretch of old Roman road with its large carefully fitted paving-stones, taking us near to Palestrina on the opposite range of hills, crossing thus the Campagna Felice. Then we turned into the hills and made our way up the long pass, leading to Cavi, where Cardinal Acton's carriage was upset, of which there is a votive picture at the shrine, representing his Eminence in short dress and red stockings kneeling in the road, making his thanksgivings for his escape, while students of the English College, who were his companions, are being hauled out of the carriage window.

In that pass, the weather having somewhat improved, by the light of our torches we said the Litany of the Saints. And so we reached Cavi, a village at no great distance from Gennazzano, just as the aurora showed us that sunrise was not far off. The village had, as Italian villages generally have, its washing-place outside, long stone troughs, through which the water flows. Some of the more prudent ones amongst us had brought soap with them, and we stopped for a refreshing wash. Our clothes were drying on our backs, and we were looking forward to sunlight and warmth, when, as we entered the gate of Gennazzano, down came the rain again in torrents. The eaves of the houses projected over the road, and it was impossible to help getting wet through and through during the last few minutes of our pilgrimage. However, we had heart enough left in us to sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin as we ascended the steep street, and there was something outlandish enough in the sound of our English voices, to bring the people to their windows to see the first procession arrive that day.

We went to the Augustinian Convent that is attached to the sanctuary, and explained to the lay-brother that we should like to be allowed the use of the altar as soon as might be, for we were so wet that we ought to start home soon. He gave us fair words and showed us into a room, where there were chairs enough for us all. We sat down, and it is hardly to be wondered at that we were all speedily asleep. I woke up, not knowing how long we had slept, and called out: "This will never do; we shall get our death of cold." We found our way through the house to the sacristy. I vested, set one of them to tell me when the altar was free; and then, without saying, "With your leave or by your leave," took possession of it. They all went to Communion at my Mass, and the only mishap was that during our thanksgiving poor Drinkwater fainted.

We then went out into the *piazza* to get a cup of coffee, and for the first time we fairly saw one another in the daylight. The sleeves of our coats, made of some alpaca stuff, had shrunk up and exposed our wrists, so that we looked like charity boys that had outgrown their clothes. And then we saw what had happened when we washed our faces at Cavi. Through the night the smoke of the torches had blackened us, and our washing had got our faces pretty clear of it, but all round our eyes there was a circle of lampblack that gave us the most singular appearance. We were laughing at one another, when

some English friends, who had slept at Gennazzano that night, walked up to us in the *piazza*, and they were amused, as they well might be, at our plight.

Italy is not the place for breakfast, so getting what we could, we promised ourselves an early dinner at Palestrina, on our way back. Nina Bernardini was the name of the good woman in whose house we were accustomed to rest when we went to Palestrina; and I said to her, "Nina, I am quite certain that you cannot give us too much to eat, so just try." Nina started her dinner with enormous dishes of macaroni, plentifully covered with gravy and minced meat, an appetizing dish at any time: and thus a foundation was laid. She kept on bringing in a variety of things, till at last I was driven to saying, "If you fellows will go on eating, I will carve for you." And Nina gave me something to carve, for to my surprise and amusement, when I thought all was over, she brought in three-quarters of a lamb. I did my part of the bargain and cut it up, and they did their part and eat it up; and I do not think that Nina had a scrap left of her dinner, though she had catered for us nobly.

There were a dozen miles between us and home, and we were back at Monte Porzio in good time. No one was the worse for the drenching we had had, not so much as by a cold. But the effect on me was that I took the longest sleep I have ever had in my life. After a cup of tea, I went to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the next morning at ten the Rector came to my room to see whether I was alive. I had never waked nor moved, while the clock went round, and half round a second time.

JOHN MORRIS.

The Tomb of St. Abercius.

IF we look only at the decay of faith that is constantly going on around us, we might be tempted to conclude that belief in revealed truth is in a fair way of perishing from off the face of the earth. Such at least is the view of many of the Church's enemies, according to whom the battle is already over and the victory won. And yet, strangely enough, it is certain that never before since the days of the early Fathers have the evidences of the Divine origin of Christianity been so abundant or so overwhelming. Time, which in the world of science has revealed so many marvels, has not been idle in the cause of the Church. Her credentials are more unexceptionable now than they were ninety years ago, and ninety years ago they had attained a completeness that was not known at the time of the Reformation. During the whole course of the present century more particularly, whatever hidden records of early Christianity have newly been brought to light (and it has been a period singularly rich in such discoveries), have strikingly confirmed the Catholic tradition in all points. If the Church of God were the historical imposture her enemies assert, sufficient light has been thrown of late upon her earliest developments to have revealed the sham in numberless details. But as it is, the most reckless of her assailants will hardly venture to deny that the outcome of all that we have learnt has been to lend fresh support to the story which has been told from the beginning. The discovery of a perfect copy of the two letters of St. Clement has furnished us with evidence of the exercise of Papal authority within thirty years of St. Peter's martyrdom. The fresh materials, which in the hands of the great Anglican scholar, whose recent loss all Christians must deplore, have placed beyond a doubt the authenticity of the letters of St. Ignatius, thereby not only supply further confirmations of the supremacy of the Holy See and of the doctrine of the Real Presence, but also have helped by sheer weight of public opinion to drive back the

assailants of the fourth Gospel a good hundred years beyond the date they first assigned for its origin. Then what shall we say of the revelations of the Catacombs? There is hardly a doctrine of our faith which they do not in some degree bear witness to, and in many cases at a date and under circumstances where the silence of written tradition had previously formed our greatest difficulty. Again, the appearance in print of such a document as Tatian's *Diatessaron*, lost to us for centuries, is almost as startling as if Tatian himself had come back to earth to confute the enemies of the truth. What an answer to the critics who had denied its very existence! And finally, not to prolong this catalogue beyond all reason, the *Didache*, so lately recovered, baffling as it is to our curiosity on many questions on which we might have hoped for more information, bears clear testimony to many things imperfectly understood, to the rites of Baptism, to the primitive practice of fasting, to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and serves as a complement to the liturgical discoveries which are continually being made and always adding their weight to the same scale.

And the result of all this has been that the battle-ground has completely shifted. Three hundred years ago we were combating over St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom of A.D. 400, and the acceptance of a doctrine by the Fathers of that age was on both sides tacitly allowed to be sufficient evidence of its Apostolic origin. Now our antagonists have changed the venue to the second century, almost indeed to the lifetime of the Apostles, and in the safe obscurity of that period of germination challenge us to bring our proofs that Christians then believed as we do now. Might they not almost as well ask us to show them the oak-tree in the acorn, or the full-fledged eagle in the egg? And yet by the providence of God we are enabled in some degree to meet the challenge. Almost every year brings fresh knowledge and new confirmations. It would seem to be part of the Divine economy which governs the relations of evidence and faith that the defensive armour of the Church should keep pace with the more resolute attacks and the more powerful weapons which in our day have been brought against it.

One of the latest of these discoveries, that of the epitaph of St. Abercius in a remote district of Asia Minor, has hardly received, I think, among English Catholics, the attention it deserves. It is not indeed so important as the recovery of an

entire treatise like the *Didache*, but for a short inscription of twenty-two lines it could hardly tell us more of the religious spirit of the period at which it was written. Moreover, its bearing upon the *Acta* of the Saint and their historical authenticity is of exceptional interest. Although it was discovered as far back as 1883, still the revised edition of the text in the new volume of the *Inscriptiones Christianæ*¹ of De Rossi, as well as Professor Ramsay's recent series of articles in the *Expositor*,² show that the popular interest in the subject has by no means evaporated.

In order to understand better the history of this discovery, it will be necessary to go back more than fifty years to the early part of the present century. At this period, under the auspices of Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, a fresh impulse had been given to the study of sacred archæology, and the Catacombs were beginning almost for the first time to be systematically investigated, and appreciated at their true value. In the midst of the interest caused by these explorations, the late Cardinal Pitra found at Autun, in the south of France, the fragments of a very remarkable monument commonly known as the Pectorius inscription, which excited considerable controversy in many countries of Europe. I shall have occasion to refer to this inscription later on; for the present it may be sufficient to remark that it contained a most explicit reference to the reception of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, the mention of our Lord's Body being only slightly veiled by the employment of the *ἰχθύς*, or fish symbol, so common in all forms of early Christian art. The inscription was unfortunately much mutilated, and many pamphlets and articles were written suggesting restorations of the text and discussing its antiquity. Amongst other papers of this sort, Cardinal Pitra published in his *Spicilegium Solesmense*, vol. iii., two monographs by himself and by De Rossi on the use of the *ἰχθύς* symbol in the early Church, in which amongst other things was given a reference to the *Acta* of a certain St. Abercius of Hierapolis in Phrygia, who was supposed to have lived in the middle of the second century and on whose tomb an epitaph similar to that of Pectorius was recorded to have been inscribed. The Byzantine compiler of the Life, Simeon the Metaphrast, preserves in full

¹ *Inscriptiones Christianæ Urbis Romæ*, vol. ii. part i. Introduction, pp. xii.—xxix.

² *Early Christian Monuments in Phrygia*. Various articles in the *Expositor* 1888 and 1889. Cf. also the *Civiltà Cattolica*, January 18, 1890, p. 203.

this metrical epitaph of twenty-two lines, and Cardinal Pitra, while making a few conjectural emendations, pronounced unhesitatingly for its entire genuineness and early date. This view, though supported by De Rossi, by the Bollandists, and, to his credit be it recorded, by the late Bishop Lightfoot, did not win universal acceptance. Several Protestant writers declared the whole thing to be a Byzantine fabrication, and even Padre Garrucci, while accepting it in the main, pronounced several of the lines to be quite impossible, and supplemented it conjecturally with two or three original verses of his own. Thus the matter remained without any fresh evidence being forthcoming until 1882, when Mr. W. M. Ramsay was sent out by the Asia Minor Exploration Society to explore and copy the inscriptions of the remoter districts of that Peninsula. Among a very rich harvest of results collected by him and transmitted to Europe were several early Christian epitaphs from the highlands of Phrygia. These were first made public in the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique*, and immediately on their appearance De Rossi and the Abbé Duchesne simultaneously pointed out that in one of these there occurred six entire lines taken from the epitaph of St. Abercius. The lines thus rescued were the first three and the last three as given in the version of the Metaphrast, but the remarkable fact was that they had been made to do duty for another tomb,¹ that of a certain Alexander, whose name being substituted for the original Abercius had completely ruined the metre of the line into which it had been introduced. Most important of all, the stone bore a date which when reduced to our common chronology gave the year after Christ 216. It is not to be wondered at that this discovery caused a sensation among Christian archæologists, and hopes rose high that if the researches were continued they might lead to the discovery of the original itself.

In 1883, Mr. Ramsay resumed his explorations in the neighbourhood of Hieropolis, and after much searching in parts hitherto unvisited, his efforts were at last attended with success. The *stèle* bearing the inscription had been broken up, and built into the wall of a bathing-house some two or three miles from the former site of the town, but there Mr. Ramsay's quick eye detected it, and after some trouble, a considerable portion of the

¹ This practice, however, of copying or adapting some previous epitaph was by no means uncommon. See Duchesne in *Revue des Questions Historiques*, July 1883, p. 15.

epitaph was recovered, which proved to agree very closely with the version of the Metaphrast. The slabs were broken; many fragments were still wanting to make the text perfect, but enough was left, not only to prove the authenticity of that part which is of most vital interest, but also to indicate the form of the tomb, and the manner in which the verses had been engraved upon it. The lines thus happily recovered were nine in number (ll. 7—15) and in this way, if we may count the six of the Alexander inscription, we are enabled to verify fifteen out of the twenty-two of which the inscription originally consisted.

But we have been too long detained from the text of the epitaph itself, a document which, in the words of De Rossi, whose competence to pronounce judgment no one will dispute, is "by far the most valuable and important Christian inscription which antiquity has preserved to us." Fortunately, there is not room for much diversity of reading. Except for one slight flaw, the manuscripts and the marble are in close agreement. I follow the text as given by De Rossi, and in the main, the version of Bishop Lightfoot.¹

The citizen of a chosen (*i.e.* Christian) city I made this (tomb) in my lifetime; that in due season I might have here a resting-place for my body. Abercius by name, I am a disciple of the pure Shepherd, who feedeth His flocks of sheep on mountains and plains, who hath great eyes looking on all sides; for He taught me the faithful writings [of life]. He also sent me to royal Rome, to behold it, and to see the golden-robed, golden-sandalled Queen. And there I saw a people bearing the splendid seal. And I saw the plain of Syria and all the cities, even Nisibis, crossing over the Euphrates. And everywhere I had associates [or found brethren]. In company with Paul I followed, while everywhere Faith led the way, and set before me for food the Fish from the fountain, mighty and stainless, whom a pure Virgin clasped, and gave this to friends to eat always, having good wine and giving the mixed (chalice) with bread. These words, I, Abercius, standing by, ordered to be inscribed. In sooth, I was in the course of my seventy-second year. Let every one who conceives my meaning and thinks with me, pray for Abercius. But no man shall place another tomb above mine. If otherwise, then he shall pay two thousand pieces of gold to the treasury of the Romans, and a thousand pieces of gold to my good fatherland, Hieropolis.²

¹ *Ignatius and Polycarp*, i. p. 480.

² Ἐκλεκτῆς πόλεως ὁ πολέτης τοῦτ' ἐποίησα
ζῶν ἰν' ἔχω καιρῷ σώματος ἔνθα θέσιν,
ὄνομα Ἀβέρκιος ὢν, ὁ μαθητὴς ποιμένος ἀγνοῦ
ὅς βόσκει προβάτων ἀγέλας ὕρσιον πεδίοις τε

Now before we proceed to discuss this wonderful inscription it will be well to point out that whatever difference of opinion may be held concerning it, does not in any way affect its value as a historical document of the second century. Whether it were composed in the first instance for or by St. Abercius or only copied from some older monument, it obviously must be older than the dated inscription of Alexander which belongs to the year 216. It is quite inconceivable that the unmetrical line containing Alexander's name could have been the earlier of the two, and besides this, not only do the *Acta* definitely assign St. Abercius to the time of Marcus Aurelius, but the shape of some of the letters in the Abercius inscription is declared on De Rossi's high authority to be older than the forms found upon Alexander's tomb. Whether St. Abercius visited Rome, travelled through Syria and wrote his own epitaph, or whether all these statements are metaphorical, and the very existence of such a personage is denied, the inscription still remains as a witness to the belief of Christian communities within a hundred years of the lifetime of the Apostles.

It will have been impossible, I take it, for any Catholic reader however little familiar with the allegorical modes of expression of the first ages of the Church, not to have been struck with the statements of Catholic doctrine so thinly veiled, if veiled at all, in the document just given. Probably there is no intentional disguise of the writer's Christianity, at least from the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, for at this period or shortly after Mr. Ramsay has found many tombstones in other parts

ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς ἔχει μεγάλους πάντα καθορῶντας
οὗτος γὰρ μ' ἐδίδαξε [τὰ ζωῆς] γράμματα πιστά·
εἰς Ῥώμην ὅς ἐπεμψεν ἐμὲν βασίλῃαν ἀθρήσαι
καὶ βασιλίσσαν ἰδεῖν χρυσόστολον χρυσοπέδιλον.
λαὸν δ' εἶδον ἐκεῖ λαμπρὸν σφραγεῖσαν ἔχοντα
καὶ Συρίης πέδον εἶδα καὶ ὅσπερ πάντα, Νίσιβιν
Εὐφράτην διαβὰς· πάντα δ' ἔσχον συνό[μιλους]
Παῦλον ἔχων ἐπὶ[μην], πίστις πάντα δὲ προῆγε
καὶ παρέθηκε τροφὴν πάντῃ ἰχθὺν ἀπὸ πηγῆς
πανμεγέθη, καθαρὸν, ὃν ἐδράξατο παρθένος ἀγνή,
καὶ τοῦτον ἐπέδωκε φίλοις ἔσθαι διὰ παντός,
οἶνον χρηστὸν ἔχουσα, κέρασμα διδοῦσα μετ' ἔργου.
ταῦτα παρεστῶς εἶπον Ἀβέρκιος ὧδε γραφῆναι.
ἐβδομήκοστον ἔτος καὶ δεύτερον ἦγον ἀληθῶς.
ταῦθ' ὁ νοῦν εἴχαιτο ὑπὲρ Ἀβερκίου πᾶς ὁ συνψόδος.
οὐ μέντοι τύμβῳ τις ἐμὴ ἕτερόν τινα θήσει·
εἰ δ' οὖν, Ῥωμαίων ταμεῖω θήσει διαχίλια χρυσᾶ,
καὶ χρηστῇ πατρίδι Ἱεροπόλει χίλια χρυσᾶ.

of Phrygia openly displaying the formula, "Christians to a Christian." Indeed the phrase ἐκλεκτῆς πόλεως—"chosen city,"¹ seems to imply that the whole town was Christian, as the *Acta* assert. But although the epitaph may be said in great measure to speak for itself, still a few words of commentary may not be out of place.

The "pure Shepherd with great eyes looking on all sides," besides the reference to the beautiful description of the Good Shepherd in the tenth chapter of St. John, probably records in a special manner the Bishop's impressions of the Catacombs which he may have visited in Rome. The epitaph can hardly be later than A.D. 180, but we have wall-paintings of this very subject preserved to us in the Cemetery of St. Pretextatus, for instance, which are in all probability earlier than this. How popular a type the Good Shepherd became in this and the following century, can only be properly appreciated by one who has studied the innumerable repetitions of it in the pages of such a work as Garrucci's *Storia dell' Arte Christiana*. Out of one hundred and five wall-paintings in the Catacombs which introduce the figure of our Lord, fifty-six present Him to us in this character, generally carrying the lost sheep on His shoulders.² No doubt most of these are somewhat later than the period of our inscription. But we must remember that such representations do not create a devotion, but are the expression of the popular feeling previously existing. If we do not find them earlier still, it is presumably only because all records fail us. In whatever relics do remain of primitive Christian art, the shepherd and the fish are everywhere amongst the earliest types we meet.

But the occurrence of the shepherd so prominent in our inscription is only the first of the links which bind this memorial of the Phrygian Church to the centre of Christian unity. A line lower down Abercius explicitly tells us that the Shepherd sent him to Rome to behold its golden-robed Queen. Whether this is to be understood literally or not, must depend upon the view

¹ It is strange that Bishop Lightfoot renders ἐκλεκτῆς as "notable." In the New Testament and the Apostolic Fathers the word ἐκλεκτός is almost uniformly used of those chosen by God and called either to the faith or some special dignity of grace. It was in fact one of the words most commonly used among Christians to designate the faithful. Thus the writer of the *Acta* of St. Polycarp speaks of the difference μεταξύ τῶν ἀπίστων καὶ τῶν ἐκλεκτῶν (between unbelievers and the elect). Out of more than twenty passages where it occurs in early Christian writers I have not found one which is incompatible with the idea of a supernatural election.

² Kraus, *Real-Encyclopädie der Christlichen Alterthümer*, ii. p. 24.

taken of the authenticity of the *Acta*. Bishop Lightfoot and others consider that the Queen is simply the Church. Pitra and the Bollandists refer it actually to the Empress Faustina. It is not unnatural to suppose that both may be meant. No one can fail to remark the studied *double entendre*, to use an accepted barbarism, which appears in the epitaph throughout. Perhaps we may attribute it to a sense of the becomingness of reserve with respect to Christian doctrines, such a feeling as produced the *disciplina arcani*, or perhaps to a foreboding of future persecutions which might desecrate a tomb too patently Christian, or again to a love of allegory like that which we find in the *Pastor* of Hermes. In any case it seems to me that the existence of a metaphorical signification is no argument either for or against the belief in a literal meaning as well. St. Abercius may have gone to Rome as did Polycarp, and Tatian, and Justin. He may have noted the sumptuousness of the imperial robes, and have been impressed by the signet rings of the equites. But the metaphorical interpretation still remains probable, and in the λαμπρὰν σφραγίδα, the shining seal, we may say that it is absolutely certain. This word σφραγίς, seal, had among the early Christians a strictly technical meaning. It was not merely that it was employed as a natural figure which required other words to define and explain its use, just as for instance we might use the word "banquet" of the Blessed Eucharist, but it was a word consecrated to a special signification, in much the same way as English Catholics now-a-days speak of "Benediction," or the French of "Salut." For the early Christians, then, the "seal" was emphatically the seal or symbol of their faith—the sign, that is, of the Cross, and especially the sign of the Cross as marked upon their foreheads in the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. This was the "splendid seal" which each Christian bore, and the writings of the early Fathers are full of allusions to it. Thus in the first century St. Clement bids the faithful "keep the body chaste and the seal unstained,"¹ and in the *Shepherd* of Hermes we read: "When a man receiveth the seal he loseth his deadness and gaineth life. Wherefore the seal is the water."² It would be easy to multiply references to this "seal of the saving cross,"

¹ St. Clement, *Ad Cor.* ii. 8. (Edit. Hilgenfeld.) τηρήσατε τὴν σάρκα ἀγνήν καὶ τὴν σφραγίδα ὑποκρίνον.

² Herm. *Pastor*, *Sim.* ix. 16. ὅταν δὲ λάβῃ τὴν σφραγίδα, ἀποτίθεται τὴν νέκρωσιν καὶ ἀναλαμβάνει τὴν ζωὴν. ἡ σφραγίς οὖν τὸ ὕδωρ ἐστίν.

"this holy seal that cannot be washed away," "this seal of mystical initiation," as it is variously called, but we must not linger. Obviously, to his own fellow-believers reading the epitaph St. Abercius would appear clearly to refer to the Christian community of Rome, and whether the Saint actually journeyed thither or not, the pre-eminent place occupied in his mind by the Holy City is equally unmistakeable.

The mention of Syria and Nisibis (it is interesting to note the quantity of this word, which seems to suggest a familiarity with the Syriac pronunciation of it) raises the same difficulty with regard to the literal interpretation as the visit to Rome. But as before the general meaning is clear. It is the unity of the Church that the writer wishes to insist upon. Travel throughout the world, he tells us, and you will find Christianity everywhere the same, the same faith, the same rites, the same Scriptures. The omission from his enumeration of Africa and Gaul, the last so strangely linked to his own native country, may, it seems to me, weigh something as an argument for the reality of the voyage. If allegory alone had been his object, it would have been much more striking to say that he had visited Alexandria and Marseilles than a country so near and comparatively so familiar as Syria. However, this is but a trifle beside that oneness of faith which even at this early date is here revealed to us. No doubt a special reference and rebuke is intended to the Marcionites and Montanists with whom Asia Minor was overrun, but here in the very midst of heresy and in the heart of this remote province we find Churches in thorough sympathy with Rome, appealing as all Christian apologists have appealed to the Catholicity of their doctrine as a testimony of its truth.

Although there can be no doubt as to the general purport of this passage, there is a considerable difficulty about the reading. The version of the Metaphrast is hardly intelligible, and the inscription has here unfortunately been either accidentally or intentionally obliterated. We can have no doubt of the occurrence of the name of St. Paul, for the letters can still be traced on the tomb, but the words which follow are illegible. We may suppose either that Abercius declared that he followed St. Paul in his wanderings, or that he kept his writings always at hand, or that he appealed to St. Paul as confirming his views of the oneness of faith. The suggestion that the words refer to Paul of Samosata is rendered impossible by the date.

And now we come to the crowning point of the inscription, the most clear and explicit reference to the Blessed Eucharist and the virginity of the Mother of God, "Everywhere faith led the way, and set before me for food the Fish (*ἰχθύς*) from the fountain, mighty and stainless, whom a pure Virgin clasped and gave this to friends to eat always, having good wine and giving the mixed (chalice) with bread." The sacred symbol of the fish for more than a thousand years has passed out of popular remembrance. With the full toleration and universal acceptance of Christianity, the necessity for types and symbols ceased. The meaning of those references to it preserved in the writings of the Fathers was expounded almost as a new discovery by the erudite of the seventeenth century. But to the early Christians, from the days of the Antonines to the time of St. Augustine, it was a familiar emblem, almost as well known as the Cross now to us, which reminded them of all which they held most holy. We find it everywhere among the relics of primitive Christianity, in wall-paintings and on carved sarcophagi, on glass vessels, on seals, and on lamps, on gems, and on personal ornaments. Even the bone *tesserae*, or tokens that were used probably as a means of mutual recognition in the assemblies of the faithful, meeting secretly in terror of the persecutor, were fashioned in the same shape. This would not be the place to enter at any length upon the question of the origin of the symbol. A recent writer has suggested that the first developments of it are to be sought in the use of the *tesserae* just mentioned.¹ Little fish-shaped tokens of ivory were in use, it would seem, among the pagans, to prove their identity in claiming the hospitality of old family friends, to whom perhaps they were personally unknown. The custom was borrowed by the Christians as a precautionary measure to secure their rites from profanation, and these *tesserae* gave the first suggestion, so it is alleged, which the acrostic significance of the letters of the word *ΙΧΘΥΣ* (*Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ*), and an allegorical interpretation of the fish so often mentioned in the New Testament, soon helped to develop into a universally accepted symbolism. I fear that sufficient is not known of the use of these *tesserae* to lend any great probability to this theory, but there can be no question about the influence of the causes last named. By many, the use of the *ἰχθύς* is considered to be distinctly Apostolic and

¹ *Civiltà Cattolica*, Jan. 18, 1890, p. 221.

derived directly from Scripture.¹ Certainly the frequent mention of fish in the Gospels and the circumstances which attend it are very striking. Thus on each of the two occasions when our Lord fed the crowd who followed Him into the wilderness, it was not the bread only that He multiplied, but the fish as well. Now if it is universally recognized that the multiplication of the bread is a type of the Blessed Eucharist, the fish, it seems, must also have their part in the symbolism. In this way it has been suggested that by the bread is signified the Eucharistic species, and by the fish the reality of our Lord's Body. Again, in the fish with the stater in its mouth which St. Peter caught at our Lord's bidding in order to pay the tribute, it is not extravagant to recognize a figure of Jesus Christ, who paid by His Passion the price of our redemption. And lastly, the broiled fish twice partaken of after the Resurrection, suggests once more the banquet of the Blessed Eucharist. Whether these passages really gave the first suggestion of the *ἰχθύς* symbol or not, there is some evidence to show that at least after the symbolism was established, the Fathers not unfrequently interpreted them in this sense. *Piscis assus Christus passus*—"The broiled fish is Christ who suffered," is a phrase common to several commentators following St. Gregory. So Origen, in commenting on the miracle of the fish with the stater, tells us incidentally that a fish may be used metaphorically of Christ, and St. Melito (fl. A.D. 165) says in his *Clavis*, "The fish is the Lord Jesus Christ broiled by the fire of tribulation." This last is probably the earliest mention of the symbol in any of the Fathers, and although we cannot put much trust in the authenticity of all the explanations in the *Clavis*, there is not much reason to suspect interpolation here.²

It must not of course be supposed that by identifying the *ἰχθύς* with Jesus Christ, we exclude the common figure by which mankind are represented as fish, and our Lord and His Apostles as fishermen. There is a noble strophe of a hymn of St. Clement of Alexandria which emphasizes equally this latter image :

Fisher of men whom Thou to life dost bring ;
From evil sea of sin,

¹ So Pitra, *Spicilegium Solesmense*, iii. p. 521 ; Kraus, *Real-Encyclopädie* i. 520.

² It is worth while to note that there are some writers of great authority, notably, P. Garucci in his *Arte Christiana*, i. p. 425, who still maintain that the symbolical meaning of the fish was derived in the first instance from the acrostic.

And from the billowy strife,
Gathering pure fishes in
Caught with sweet bait of life.¹

The two figures are combined and associated with the Sacrament of Baptism in an often-quoted passage of Tertullian: "We little fishes are born in water in the likeness of our *ἰχθῦς*, Jesus Christ, and in no other wise than by staying in the water can we be saved."²

But it is in connection with the Blessed Eucharist that the symbolism of the fish becomes most prominent. Indeed, if the Fathers and all other sources of information were silent, the paintings in the Catacombs alone could leave no possible doubt of the meaning of the emblem. We find it first in a mutilated fresco of the Catacomb of St. Domitilla assigned to the end of the first or the beginning of the second century, and therefore more than fifty years before the time of St. Abercius. Paintings of this early date are very rare, and sometimes require to be interpreted in the light of those of a later age; but with the third century these representations become abundant and so explicit that even the tyro could hardly mistake their meaning. Thus in San Callisto we have a picture of a three-legged table bearing upon it a fish and a loaf marked with the cross. On one side stands a male figure blessing the table with his hand, on the other a female figure in the attitude of prayer. In another fresco in the same Catacomb seven male figures are seated at table with eight baskets of loaves before them and two fishes. Then we have the representation elsewhere of a fish of large size swimming on the surface of the water, and bearing on its back a basket containing loaves and apparently a vessel of wine; or, again, we find two fish with decussated loaves in their mouths, and five other such loaves between them. But these things are familiar, and they may be found amply treated in Provost Northcote's splendid work on the Catacombs or in the various writings of De Rossi. Now the special interest of Abercius' inscription in this connection is due, in the first place, to the fact that it is the oldest monument which indubitably identifies the *ἰχθῦς* symbol with our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist. It is true that there are frescoes in the Catacombs older than this, but they are too mutilated or uncertain to bring conviction to an unwilling antagonist. There are also the Sibylline acrostic and the *Clavis*

¹ Translated by Dr. Alexander in *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, i. p. 344.

² Tertullian, *De Bap.* i.

of St. Melito. But we cannot depend upon them, for their date and authenticity are controverted. Moreover the epitaph gives us so much more than the mere identification of the symbol. It is the *mixed* chalice which the faithful receive, establishing that mingling of water with the wine which is observed to our own day in all parts of the East and West. It is *faith* that guides him everywhere and provides everywhere the same supernatural food—another reference, as we see, to the universality of the Church. The fish is *from the fountain*—i.e., the waters of Baptism, to which it gives efficacy, and it is *of great size*, like those in the Catacombs bearing the loaves or the ship of the Church, and is thus distinguished from “the little fishes” in the phrase of Tertullian cited above, which are the souls of men. The bread moreover is to be eaten *always*, which points to the perpetuity and frequent repetition of the Sacrifice. Even the word *χρηστόν* (*οἶνον χρηστόν*, good wine), I cannot help thinking, contains one of those disguised meanings of which the epitaph is full. *χρηστόν* (good) and *χριστόν* (Christ) differ but by one letter, and the interchange of *ι* and *η* was so common at that period that grammarians have given to this corruption the special name of “ioticism.” In some of Professor Ramsay’s inscriptions we find Christians spelling the name of their own community *χρηστιανοί*, and a play upon the words occurs in more than one contemporary writer. If so, St. Abercius’ fellow-believers would have been quick to catch an allusion not merely to “good wine,” but to the “wine which is Christ.”¹

Finally, what makes this passage especially precious to us is the wonderful way in which the Blessed Sacrament is brought into connection with the Immaculate Mother of God. It is from the arms of the Spotless Virgin, the epitaph seems to imply, that we in some sense receive the Body of our Lord. The suggestion has been made that the word *ἐδράξατο* should, if we look to the intention of the writer, be here interpreted “encompassed” or “enfolded,” the allusion being to the conception of Jesus Christ in His Mother’s womb. I fear that we cannot strain the meaning of *ἐδράξατο* (grasped) quite so far as that. In any case it should be remembered that the representation of the Virgin Mother with the Child in her arms was

¹ Thus St. Justin Martyr, *Apolog.* i. c. 4. (Ed. Otto.) *Χριστιανοί γὰρ εἶναι κατηγορούμεθα τὸ δὲ χρηστὸν μισεῖσθαι οὐ δίκαιον.* Even in Latin the mistake was common. Thus, “Corrupte a vobis Chrestiani pronuntiamur, nam ne nominis quidem ipsius liquido certi estis,” grows Tertullian, *Ad. Nat.* i. c. 3.

familiar from the very earliest times. The oldest fresco in the Catacombs, assigned by the best authorities to the end of the first century, is a picture of our Lady with the Infant Jesus at her breast; and although this subject is not one of those that most frequently occur, there are sufficient examples to form a continual series through all the early ages, and to show that it had never passed out of memory. Bishop Lightfoot seems to urge that the Spotless Virgin of the epitaph is to be understood allegorically of the Church. It would, perhaps, be in accordance with the general character of the inscription that the writer should not necessarily exclude such an interpretation; but it would be against all probability to suppose that this was primarily intended, still more that the application to our Lady should be shut out altogether.

It was said above that the Abercius epitaph cannot be adequately treated without a reference to that of Pectorius. Their close similarity in sentiment and character form a wonderful illustration of the bond of union between the Churches of Phrygia and Southern France, thus justifying the teaching of Abercius about the oneness of the Catholic Faith. The reading of the Pectorius epitaph is not quite so certain as that we have been discussing, but I translate from the text given by De Rossi.¹

O divine offspring of the heavenly Fish preserve (ever) a clean heart. Even among mortals thou mayst drink of [*lit.* taking] the immortal fountain of waters that distil from Heaven. Nourish thy own soul, friend, with the undying waters of a Wisdom lavish of its gifts. Take the honey-sweet food of the Saviour of the Saints. Thou art hungry—eat, holding the Fish in thy hands.

This epitaph is assigned to the third century. It is in elegiac verse, and, unlike the Abercius inscription, its initial letters form an acrostic—*ΙΧΘΥΣ*. One of the most interesting features about it is the curious relation it seems to bear to a series of

¹ *Ιχθύος οὐρανόθεν γένος ἔστιν ἡτορι σεμνὸν*
Χρῆσε· λαβὼν πηγῇν ἔμβροτον ἐν βροτείῳ
θεσπεσίων ὑδάτων· τὴν σὴν φίλε θάλασσο ψυχὴν
ἴθασιν ἀνάνοις πλουτοδότου σοφίης.
Σωτήρος ἀγίου μελιτῆδεά λάμβανε βρώσιν
ἔσθιε πινὼν, ἰχθὺν ἔχων παλάμῃς.

(De Rossi, *Inscriptiones*, ii. p. xx.)

It may be worth while to remark that *χρῆσε* in l. 2 stands for *χρήσαι*. The substitution of *ε* for *αι*, resembling that of *e* for *æ* in mediæval Latin, is common in inscriptions of this period.

paintings at Rome in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. The scenes represented in these follow the order of the subjects touched upon in the verses, beginning with the water flowing from the rock and ending with the raising of Lazarus. The cycle of paintings, however, is thus continued beyond the topics suggested by the inscription, so that De Rossi has conceived the striking theory that there were originally ten lines in the acrostic, forming the words *ΙΧΘΥΣ ΕΛΠΙΣ*. In his view Pectorius borrowed only the first six verses of this acrostic, and then added others of his own, these being all hexameters, and much inferior in merit. What is more particularly to our purpose is the close connection in which we find the Sacrament of Baptism, the Eucharist, and the *ἰχθύς* symbol, corresponding as well to the epitaph of Abercius as to the paintings in the Catacombs. Cardinal Pitra has gathered some striking citations from later writers illustrating this Autun inscription, of which he was the original discoverer, but the reader must be referred for these to his own works.¹

Finally, before we leave this subject of the Eucharist, it is worth while to notice the fact that the author of the Pectorius inscription was evidently satisfied that the Sacrament was complete in the one species alone. Of course in his day the Communion was commonly received under both kinds, but still, without mention of the wine, he simply tells the Christian, "Thou art hungry—eat, holding the Fish in thy hands." Also, as Cardinal Wiseman well remarks, there is something strangely discordant in the Anglican doctrine of the figurative presence when it is compared with the language of our two inscriptions. Would the writer have accepted this as an alternative rendering of his invitation to the Holy Table?

O come to our Communion feast :
There present in the heart,
Not in the hands, th' Eternal Priest
Will His true self impart.²

The following line, in which the writer asks all of the same faith, or *all who think with him*, intending perhaps to exclude the Montanists, to pray for Abercius, supplies as authentic and early testimony to the practice of praying for the dead as any which we possess. But this much controverted subject is too

¹ *Spicilegium Solesmense*, iii. p. 518; *Analecta*, iii. p. 176.

² Keble's *Christian Year*, "Gunpowder Treason," quoted in Wiseman's *Essays*, iii. p. 294. This verse was subsequently altered by its author.

vast for discussion here. The concluding words, enjoining a fine upon all who should violate the tomb, gave great offence to Tillemont, and was the last straw which induced him to set down the epitaph as a tissue of absurdities. Modern investigation, however, has discovered that similar formulæ were in common use upon the tombs of the period. Doubtless by assigning a share of the fine to the township as well as to the Imperial treasury, it was hoped that some would be found sufficiently interested to see that the injunction was obeyed.¹

It is hardly possible at the close of a long article like the present to enter upon any full discussion of the manner in which the epitaph was composed. At the same time it would seem like the suppression of a difficulty to refrain from all notice of a conclusion suggested at least by the Abbé Duchesne, and stated more explicitly by a writer in the *Civiltà Cattolica* for January of this year. The theory is that the epitaph, so far from being composed by St. Abercius, was itself borrowed from an older source in much the same way that Alexander's inscription was borrowed from St. Abercius'. Moreover, the writer last named also contends that the first compiler of the *Acta* had not seen the actual tombstone discovered by Professor Ramsay, but only a copy or imitation of it. For these views he advances several arguments: first, that any one who himself composed an epitaph in hexameter verse would take care that his lines were not divided in two when engraved on stone; secondly, that the inscription found by Ramsay, and which is necessarily oblong in shape, does not correspond with the *square* slab described by the compiler who copied them; thirdly, that the name Abercius does not itself fit the metre in the three places where it occurs; and lastly, that the texts of the *Acta* differ especially in vv. 11, 12, from the reading of the marble. It does not seem to me that any of these allegations have much weight. The dividing of the lines in such cases appears to have been merely a question of the space available on the *stele* or slab which the purchaser chose or could afford to buy. Take for instance a similar Greek inscription which is published in the *Civiltà* itself for 1858, vol. x. p. 357. The hexameter lines are there divided exactly as on the tomb of Abercius. Again the objection about the shape of the monument could only have been written by one

¹ See Hirschfeld, *Ueber die griechischen Grabschriften, welche Geldstrafen auordnen*, in the *Königsberger Studien*, i. p. 85.

who had not read the discoverer's own account of it. The difficulty will best be answered by quoting Mr. Ramsay's description :

The biography states that the altar was equal in length and breadth. It can now from actual measurement be said that the altar was one foot nine inches in length, and the same in breadth. . . . The inscription was engraved on three sides of the monument, on the fourth side was a crown. . . . The first six lines of the epitaph were engraved on the side opposite to that which bears the crown, the next eleven lines were engraved on the left side, and the remaining five on the right side. There is room in the panel on each side for eleven lines, and the reason why so little was engraved on the first and most important side, which is now entirely lost, must have been that symbols or sculpture of some kind occupied part of the available space. (*The Expositor*, April, 1889, p. 263.)

As for the disagreements and obscurities of vv. 11, 12, the fact that the inscription is partly effaced in this place would rather confirm than throw doubt on the theory that we possess the actual *stèle* from which the epitaph in the Metaphrast was copied. The difficulties of the metre, however, especially in the form in which the objection is urged by the Abbé Duchesne, do form a rather serious problem, much too serious to be adequately dealt with here. As the Abbé Duchesne rightly points out, the *crux* is to be found in the twenty-first line, which, monstrous as it is, appears in the same shape both in Alexander's inscription and in the Metaphrast *Acta*. Clearly, therefore, it must have stood as we read it on the tomb of Abercius. On the other hand, it is hardly conceivable that a writer with skill sufficient to compose the rest of this fine epitaph could have tolerated a line which so flagrantly sets all the rules of prosody at defiance. Mr. Ramsay's reply, maintaining the unity of authorship of the whole inscription, is well worthy of consideration, but hardly seems to me to meet the difficulty of this particular line. How can we suppose that *both* Alexander and the writer of the life should independently have made the blunder of substituting 'Ρωμαίων ραμελω for the original reading 'Ρωμαίους? Without further discussion I venture to suggest this solution. The main part of the epitaph (*i.e.*, down to line seventeen) was, as the *Acta* suggests, written by St. Abercius (though perhaps he borrowed elsewhere the idea of the first distich), and engraved during his lifetime. These verses it seems to me come to a very natural conclusion at the end of v. 17. The remaining five

lines, which as Mr. Ramsay tells us were inscribed by themselves on a different side of the monument, may have been added after his death by friends who, devoid of all skill in versification, copied with clumsy adaptations some pre-existing formula which they had found on other tomb-stones. It may be noticed that these last five verses require very slight changes to bring them into shape, and that these changes are just those which would have to be made if they were altered to suit another person and another place. If the age named in verse 18 were 52 or 62 instead of 72 the verse would scan perfectly. If the name of the town in the last line were a word of three syllables, like Prymnessus, for instance, there would be no serious flaw; and if we substitute τῷ φίλῳ, as Duchesne suggests, in line 21, the difficulty equally disappears. Of course the suggestion just made is not offered as anything more than a mere conjecture. Perhaps after all we are rating too highly the writer's sensitiveness to metrical accuracy. There are licenses which classical usage could never tolerate even in parts of the inscription which can be read clearly on the tomb, *e.g.*, in line 15.

It is possible that the reader, who has so far patiently followed me in this exposition of our second century epitaph, may be tempted to point an objection somewhat in this form. "It would seem, from what has been said, that the inscription, after all, testifies to nothing which was not abundantly ascertained before. In what sense, therefore, can it be said to be so important?" Well, I would venture to answer, evidence may be important not only from its novelty, but from its trustworthiness. A girder or stay in a building may possibly not have to bear any great direct strain, but its utility in giving solidity and coherence to the whole may be simply incalculable. Now, the chief value of our inscription lies in this, that it is a document preserved to us, not on parchment, but in marble. With manuscript authority, it can always be pretended that the text has been forged, or falsified, or interpolated. Thus, Tacitus' account of the persecution of the Christians under Nero, and Pliny's letter to Trajan, have both been called in question without a shred of external evidence. The testimony of Josephus to Christ is quite commonly set aside, solely on the ground of its intrinsic improbability, although we all know how fallacious this style of argument often proves. But a monument as explicit and as demonstrably genuine as the tomb of Abercius, leaves

1

the cavillers no loophole for escape. An inscription cannot well be forged, and still less can it be interpolated. But, further, its own direct testimony being thus beyond dispute, it binds together more doubtful materials into one compact mass, and lends its own stability to the whole. When a document like this, which had for many years been rejected precisely because it speaks so clearly in the sense of Catholic tradition, is found to be indisputably genuine, what excuse can any longer remain for refusing the evidence of Ignatius, or Justin, or Irenæus, who were set aside previously on the same grounds, but with still less apparent reason. From this point of view it would seem that De Rossi and others do not exaggerate in speaking so strongly of the supreme interest of this inscription. In length, in earliness of date, and in the importance of its contents, it far transcends any other Christian monument which is known to us.

On one aspect of the Abercius epitaph nothing has yet been said. This is its bearing upon the life of the Saint whose memory it commemorates. The question is one of considerable interest, and it affects in some measure the authenticity of many other similar records, preserved to us on the authority of Byzantine biographers. In a future article I propose to discuss this point, and I hope to be able to offer some new evidence on the subject, which goes to show that the historical element in the life is much more considerable than has hitherto been generally supposed.

The Romaunte of the Blessed Johann.

STRAIGHTWAYE I gat me to our Ladyes shrine
For to intreat her grace, who hath full ofte
Holpen her servaunt in his hour of need,
And of sore grievous sorrow hath him freed,
So kinde a ladye is she and so soft,
And doth to miserye her heart incline.

"O Ladye, chosen vessell of the Lorde,
Who didst thy God a sillye babe give suck ;
O Mother-maid more pure than whitest snow,
No stain in thy concepcioun didst thou know ;
Thou broughtest to yfallenë men good luck,
Whose womb was tabernacle of the Worde.

"Lo now thy servaunt travailleth right sore,
And alle his flesh is wearye unto death ;
Dark is the sun to him and pleasaunt light,
Dark what the world of winsome has and bright,
For cold her lips and hushëd is her breath,
And silent is her tongue for evermore !

“But yestermorn she baked the wastel bread,
And chid the idle hound which turned the spit;
But yestere'en fine woof and rare she spun
For swaddling bands to wrap the littel one.
And in great Goddës sight is now her spirit,
And the littel life she brought forth is yfled.

“O Ladye, thou hast felt this worldës teen,
Ladye of Sorrows thou art ycleped of men.
Seven sacred sorrows reft in twain thin heart,
A murtherous sword did work it grievous smart,
When that thy bleeding Son did meet thy ken
Afresh ensanguined from the lashes keen.

“O Ladye, by the Sorrows of thin heart,
And by thy Sonnës sacred Woundës five,
Cast down one crumb of comfort, yea but one,
From thy bright throne above the golden sun,
So that I may not pine away but thrive,
And have assuagement of min heartës smart.”

Whereat ywaxëd strong the ruddy flame,
The which had flickered weakly in his bowl,
And sudden was I ware of marvel straunge,
And all my body felt a wondrous chaunge,
The sorrow clean was lifted from my soul,
An unction holy stole thörough my frame.

“Johann, thou hast found favour in min eyes,
And lo, the holy Child is gracious eke;
Come, comfort take, and blithesome be thy face,
For thou hast surely found with us great grace;
Thy wife it is not meet for thee to seek,
She hath the Vision blest in Paradise.

"For thee, Johann, I have this grace to give,
My very knight to be in chivalry,
And bruit my fame in sondrë landës ferne,
That men of my Conception may lerne
Therefor to praise God, and, in chastitie
Abiding alway, blameless lives to live."

Thus spake the gracious Ladye, and straightway
She buckled on my thigh a mystick sword,
Whose sheath doth bear this high inscriptioun,
"For Marye and her pure Conception."
And in my darkest hour I pray the Lorde,
Our Ladyes pure Conception be my staye.

T. P. BULLIVANT.

A French Bishop on France.

MGR. FREPPEL, the present Bishop of Angers, is a man universally known, and respected throughout France. As deputy for Finisterre he holds a foremost position in the Chamber. Standing boldly forward as an uncompromising advocate of Catholicity, and outspoken in his denunciations of the anti-Christian action of the Ministry, he is, with Count de Mun at once the champion and leader of the Catholic party, and a very thorn in the side of the Executive. His opponents have learned to dread his fearless eloquence, and to tremble at the consequences of his influence; and were it not for the high position that he holds, and the support that he receives, he would, in all probability, have shared, ere this, the lot of many a brave defender of his country's rights. His voice is as a trumpet-call, rousing the listless, encouraging the timid, strengthening the weak, stirring up to energy and action forces that are dormant, seeking to imbue with some small share of his own lofty spirit the too often sluggish or indifferent supporters that surround him.

Mgr. Freppel, though most fair-minded and generous to his opponents, is no lover of the spirit of compromise. His latest work, *The French Revolution viewed in its relation to the Centenary of 1789*,¹ gives convincing proof of this. Its every page is breathing of defiance to the anti-Christian spirit. Clear, terse, and outspoken, he tells the truth in strong and vigorous terms; and as he finds much to condemn, and little to approve of, his language savours at times of the style of the philippic.

In the opening chapters he views the condition of affairs in their religious aspect. From this point of view the Republican ideal is the very antithesis of Christianity. The present State policy of France he defines as "the application of a system of pure rationalism to the questions of civil, political, and social

¹ *La Révolution Française à propos du Centenaire de 1789.* Par Mgr. Freppel, Evêque d'Angers. Paris, 1889.

order." It seeks to eliminate religion as an element of social life, to establish a sort of ideal republic founded on the principles enunciated in the *Contrat Social* of Jean Jacques Rousseau. This practically means that, in the Bishop's own words :

Christ is banished from the conscience of the individual ; banished from every form of public and social life ; banished from the State, which no longer recognizes in His authority the source and foundation of its own ; banished from the laws which no longer find their highest expression in the Divine law, banished from the family, which is no longer constituted by virtue of His authority ; banished from the school where His Divine teaching is no longer recognized. (p. 22.)

In short, the present political *régime* is the "unchristianizing of a Christian State, repudiating its historic faith, and seeking to reconstruct itself upon the basis of pure reason."¹ In all this, Mgr. Freppel finds that France now stands alone among the nations of the Christian world. All others recognize the necessity of admitting the doctrines of Christianity, all others look to God as the source and foundation of their strength. Witness the public manifestos of the German Empire, the State-supported religions of the Russian and the English Empires, in each of which the Sovereign is the head and centre of the Church ; witness the open Catholicity of Belgium, Spain, and Austria. Two years ago Switzerland made open profession of its faith in God. "Our people," says the canton of Vaud, in a State proclamation, "have placed their trust in God, who even to this day has given proof of His protecting hand." And to take a single instance from the other hemisphere, the President of the United States solemnly asserted in a public proclamation of last November twelvemonths, that : "The American people should never cease to thank Almighty God for the goodness and mercy He has shown them ever since the day on which He established them as a nation and gave them an independent Government." "France alone," concludes Mgr. Freppel, "seeks to substitute for the idea of a Christian State a State founded and governed on principles of pure reason."

The revolutionary motto : Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, receives no gentle treatment at the Bishop's hands. The real state of things engendered at the present moment by the Revolution is in every detail the reverse of what is naturally expressed

¹ P. 23.

by these three words. Liberty there is none. The whole theory of State policy is opposed to its development ; its aim is to annihilate it. Central government, or the centralization and concentration of power, even in matters of detail, in an individual executive, is one of the main features of this policy.¹ This absorption of authority is the death-knell of liberty. A people cannot be called free where the central power so entirely swallows up the province, the department, and the commune, that they cease to be more than mere geographical divisions bereft of all internal authority in the direction of their own affairs, deprived of all active political energy and life, and combining by their mere juxtaposition as so many inanimate units to form a whole beneath the omnipotent sway of a State incarnate in a so-called numerical majority.

The Republic seeks to secure the supremacy of one and the same despotic will throughout the length and breadth of the land. This individual will, under the name of the "State," exercises sovereign sway in the affairs of the department and the commune, regulates every little detail of the public life ; administration, finances, education, all are under its control. (p. 49.)

Civil and political bodies act only in obedience to this all-pervading influence, they "dare not spend a single farthing of the public money, they dare not touch a single stone of any of their public buildings without its approbation and consent." Truly, if this be liberty or freedom, the Republican acceptance of the word is strangely at variance with its ordinary meaning.

Assuredly an individual is not free when he cannot follow his own will even in the disposal of his own property ; a father of a family is not free when he must submit to the dictation of the State as to the manner in which he shall educate his children ; a community is not free when its entire administration depends on the good will of some imported agent of the central power. (p. 50.)

It matters little that this widely extending system of coercion is in the hands of what is called a representative assembly. Despotism, whether in the hands of the many or the few, is despotism none the less. In a certain sense, the Chamber is, indeed, a representative assembly—representa-

¹ In connection with this matter it is interesting to notice that the tendency in England is towards decentralization, as evinced in the measure lately come into operation known as "County Councils." This measure marks, in truth, a revolution in the political and social life of England.

tive of what is bad and irreligious in the country ; but that it in any sense represents the real feelings and aspirations of the majority of honest Frenchmen, is what we cannot for a moment venture to suppose. The ascendancy of the governing party in the State is due, not to any power inherent in itself, but rather to the utter disunion existing in the ranks of its opponents. Could the scattered elements opposed to it, and, to their own misfortune, warring with each other, be got to sink their private interests in a common bond of union, the state of things existing at the present day would be impossible. The Government, on the other hand, know full well their own evil purposes, and are unanimous as to the methods to be adopted to attain them. Hatred of religion generates concord in their aims, and unites them on a common platform. And once possessed of power, they use it most unscrupulously to overthrow or frustrate the efforts of their adversaries. Of this we have examples without end in the manner of conducting the elections, and the means taken to secure a Parliamentary majority. In many cases, for example, when a deputy opposed to, or in any sort obnoxious to the Government, secures a large majority over an orthodox Republican, the election is quashed on the ground of some slight technical informality, and the nomination of his rival quietly but efficiently secured. In districts where the feelings of the populace are markedly antagonistic to the party in authority, a redistribution of electioneering centres is resorted to. The result of this manœuvre is that the disaffected districts are united into one ; and instead of, as before, sending up several deputies to the Chamber, they now rank as a single voting district entitled only to a single representative. A like system worked in the opposite direction secures magnificent results in places well affected towards the powers that be. Centres may be multiplied as far as is at all consistent with the law, and a splendid crop of genuine supporters of the Government returned. This system of judicious grouping of constituencies, "cornering" large masses of obnoxious "clericals," and giving ample elbow-room to true and loyal citizens, is productive of wonderful results at the elections. All the world knows the means that were adopted to overthrow the influence of the Boulangists. Finding that they could not meet the gallant General in fair and open battle, the Government resolved on proclaiming him and all his followers as traitors. Receiving timely notice of their benevolent

intentions, and not being over-anxious to become a martyr for his cause, he thought it best to act upon the motto that—

He that fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.

Some time previous to this *coup de grâce* the Government devised another most ingenious little *ruse*. At one of the elections, when the odds were all in favour of Boulanger, they, to use a sporting phrase, drew a red herring across the track: the red herring in this instance was an insignificant being who, without any merit of his own, had inherited the great general's magic name. The trick was kept a secret till the last moment. The counterfeit Boulanger was put forward for the constituency, and every vote not marked *General* Boulanger was unscrupulously placed to the account of this unknown individual.

As regards liberty in matters of religion, we have only to traverse the nations of Europe, and to visit the homes of the exiled sons of France, whose only crime is that they were members of a religious order, to prove to ourselves that under the Republic religious liberty is truly a thing of the past. No doubt, the "declaration of the Rights of Man," proclaimed the doctrine of universal toleration; but this was but an empty promise, made to bolster up the despotism of the State. We find the traces of this so-called universal toleration in the fierce and systematic persecution of the Church, in the confiscation of Church property, the restriction of the liberties of the clergy, and of the rights of public worship, and in the efforts daily made to deprive the bishops and priests of the wretched pittance granted them in lieu of the property iniquitously plundered from them by the early revolutionists.

The word Fraternity, if it means anything, implies a brotherly union of hearts. In the early Christian times it was synonymous with mutual charity, devotion, and self-sacrifice. It is essentially founded on religion. Therefore, *a priori*, it is manifest that in a system where religion is ignored, there can be no fraternity. In what sense the word is adopted by the revolutionists it is not easy to determine. As understood by them, the chief external manifestations of this virtue are enmity, hatred, and revenge. It showed itself in 1789 and the succeeding years by a series of wholesale slaughters, marking the advent to authority of each of the opposing parties in the State. "Nor was it merely in the bosom of a tumultuous and

disordered capital that was inaugurated this reign of brotherly love ; at a signal from the new apostles, in each city, in each town, men living side by side on terms of closest intimacy, inspired with sudden frenzy, denounced and slaughtered one another."¹ But all these things are matters of history.

Now, after a lapse of just one hundred years, I find on every side undoubted proofs of the existence of the self-same spirit of party hatred and hostility that characterized the events of 1789 . . . and I say with no less assurance than sorrow, that were the forces of the Executive to fail for a moment in asserting themselves, we should be compelled to-day to assist at a repetition of the very same scenes²

To the Revolution it is that France owes all these happy manifestations of Fraternity, and all that development of individual ambition which "has divided the nation into as many hostile camps as there are aspirants to authority."³

It is, however, in the question of Equality, the third great element in the Republican formula, that Mgr. Freppel finds perhaps the greatest discrepancy between principles and practice.

Suppose [he says] a state of things in which a political party having got into power, reserves to itself every office and emolument, and excludes from all advancement in the public service those whom it is pleased to look upon as its political opponents ; a system of political administration in which a favoured few are treated with unbounded partiality and favour, to the utter and unmerited exclusion of the rest, one in which it suffices for a parent to have incurred the distrust of the party in authority, to see his children debarred from every post of honour in the service of the Republic, whether in the army, magistracy, administration, or finance ; a system too, in which no aspirant to promotion, no matter what may be his merits or his talents, can ever hope to attain to any post of eminence in the army or the law, if only he have the misfortune to have been educated in a Christian school ; a policy, in short, whereby one half of those who contribute to defray the national expenses, are systematically excluded from the benefits accruing to the commonwealth ; can such a system of State oppression on the one hand, and unjust and open partiality on the other, be called a system of equality ?⁴

Such are the practical results of the working of the great social principle of Equality as interpreted and patented by the early revolutionists for the everlasting benefit and blessing of the French Republic. Under the present Government the political position of a man who acts up to his religion, and

¹ P. 84.² P. 86.³ P. 87.⁴ Pp. 68, 69.

whose profession of Catholicity is not merely nominal, is little better than that of a poor persecuted Irish Catholic in the penal times. In the liberal professions all the avenues to promotion are rigorously shut against him. In the army a pupil of the Jesuits can seldom hope to get beyond the rank of lieutenant or captain. We ourselves are cognizant of one such case in which a candidate for the rank of colonel stood second by right of service and of seniority on a list of fourteen; the other thirteen whose standard of irreligion was on a level with the Government requirements, received promotion, while his claim was openly and purposely ignored. And hence it is, that, to use the words of Mgr. Freppel,

There is not a single *préfet* or *sous-préfet* who would not have reason to fear for his position if he made his Easter duty openly, . . . not a single Government official who would dare to send his children to a Christian school. Even the mere fact of attending Mass on Sundays is a source of real danger to any one connected with the Government. (p. 56.)

This is what is meant by toleration. This is the application of the principle of liberty and equality in matters of religion.

As understood by the Republic, the very idea of equality is pernicious and absurd, and, if carried to its logical conclusion, utterly inimical to law and order. Where is the rational being who will venture to maintain that the child and the father, the servant and the master, the private soldier and the general, are on an entire footing of equality? Equal, in a sense, they most certainly are, as the king and the lowest of his subjects are equal in the eyes of God. But this sense is far indeed from being the sense of the Republican ideal of equality. In their sense equality has as its connatural effect the subversion of authority, and the withholding of obedience and respect; hence upheaval and disorder in the State, disorganization in the army and the various public bodies, and scandal and disunion in the family; hence, too, the cravings of ambition, and in lieu of the Christian principle of submission to legitimate authority we find on the part of the subject jealousy, hatred, and rebellion. In this Republican ideal of equality we have in truth a fitting explanation of the twenty revolutions that, within a single century, have so changed and agitated the people of France.

There are few ways, however, in which the practical application of the principle has acted with such ruinous effect

as in the subdivision of land.¹ All men are born equal ; and hence upon the parent's death his property is divided into equal parts among the members of his family. The farm, for instance, that just sufficed to support a single family is divided on the father's death into as many equal portions as there are children ; each of these children in turn becomes the father or the mother of another family which must be supported on the portion accruing to the head, and this portion must again be subdivided at the parent's death. Thus we have what metaphysicians are wont to call a *processus in infinitum*, the practical result of which is that, owing to the multiplied charges² and duties arising from each successive transfer, landed property has diminished enormously in value.

It is upon the landed interest that the taxation falls most heavily ; there are taxes for registration, taxes for transfer and succession, every little transaction connected with land is burdened with a tax. And hence it is that at the end of a certain number of years, by dint of every species of taxation and impost, the entire value of a property has passed into the possession of the State. (p. 92.)

Hence arises agricultural, commercial, and industrial depression, followed by poverty and depopulation.

On the face of it, too, this system, operating in the higher grades of society, is utterly opposed to the maintaining of a nobility or aristocracy. With the destruction of their estates great families must almost of necessity degenerate and disappear ; just as on the other hand, in England, the law of primogeniture has a very powerful effect in the preservation and perpetuation of its ancient families.

Moreover, this minute subdivision of the land, owing to the comparative poverty and misery it has engendered, exercises

¹ The Republic boasts that it has given birth to a peasant proprietorship. Nothing can be more false. At the present moment not more than an eighth or ninth part of the entire cultivated land of France is in the hands of peasant proprietors, while previous to the Revolution one-half of the land was in their hands. Necker, writing of his own times, says that even then the number of peasant proprietors was enormous ; and Turgot complains that the land had already become unduly subdivided.

² "What ruins the landed interest is the exaggerated idea formed by the revolutionists of the duties and functions of the State. From the moment that the Government, excluding all right of individual action, takes upon itself the task of legislating personally in every little detail of provincial and municipal administration, it is forced, in order to support the expense of so minute and widely extended a system of government, to make extremely large demands upon the purses of the people." (p. 92.)

a vast influence, not merely in diminishing the number of the population, but likewise in the degeneration and depreciation of the standard of strength and physical ability among the masses. No doubt there is a second and, probably, more potent factor in the matter, namely, immorality. The baneful influence of this vice upon the numerical and physical strength of a nation is beyond a doubt. Statistics prove that, *ceteris paribus*, the increase or diminution of a population is in exact proportion to its absence or presence in the people; and we may safely assert that its absence or presence in the people is likewise in direct proportion to the absence or presence of the restraining and elevating influences of religion; and as in France the effort of the Government is to minimize these salutary influences, we are naturally led to attribute to the action and principles of the Republic the decrease in the population of the country.

In the future of the French nation Mgr. Freppel finds no prospect of a better state of things, so long at least as it follows in the footsteps of the Revolution.¹ Frenchmen have departed from the traditional policy of their ancestors—the policy that placed them for so many centuries among the foremost nations of the earth; and in a complete and unreserved reversion to that policy, alone, can they hope to restore the faded glories of the nation. Continual adhesion to the maxims and principles of the Revolution implies a state of constant transition from bad to worse;² a perpetuation of unending instability and change;³ a *regime* of eternal oscillation between two contradictory systems ranging over every stage between anarchy and despotism.

There is no stability; nothing but unending change; and this, because in the absence of a policy confirmed by experience and tradition, everything depends upon the hazard of events. There is no appeal to any national authority antecedent and superior to the will, or,

¹ "La France," writes Le Play, speaking of the principles of the Revolutionists of 1789, "s'enfoncera dans l'abîme où elle est tombée tant qu'elle sera dirigée par des hommes imbus de telles aberrations."

² M. Jules Simon, writing in 1883, says: "Demandons nous ce que nous avons fait dans ces trois dernières années;" and he answers, "Nous n'avons fait que des ruines."

³ As instancing the instability of politics in France we may remark that fourteen Ministries is the record of the French Republic during the last eleven years. Very few of them lasted a year, one survived only a couple of weeks, and Gambetta's Ministry fell before the end of his third month of office. M. Floquet's lasted for ten months.

rather, the caprice of whatever party in the country happens for the moment to secure political ascendancy; therefore, instability has grown to be the normal condition of affairs. Hence we live in a state of intermittent revolution, which causes an incessant drain upon the forces of the nation, and is ever generating discord and division in its rulers. (pp. 136, 137.)

In conclusion Mgr. Freppel sketches the broad outlines of a reform, on the lines of which alone France can hope for a permanent return to its former state of greatness and prosperity. At the outset it must resolutely break with the principles of the Revolution; and

1°. Religion must be publicly recognized as holding its legitimate position in the State; it must resume its sway in the bosom of the family and in the conscience of the individual, and to this end a large share of attention must be given to the religious training of the rising generation.

2°. "We must return frankly and without hesitation to the monarchy" as represented in the person of the lawful claimant to the Throne.¹

3°. The restoration of the monarchy implies a return to the ancient system of local government, and the reconstruction of centres of local administration in the provinces, as opposed to the existing system of centralization, whereby the entire Government is concentrated at Paris; and the country is left at the mercy of any political adventurer whose influence in the capital is sufficient to raise him to authority. This is a measure of vital importance, as tending to the general development of industry and trade, securing for the people a due amount of liberty and action, encouraging individual and local enterprise, and diffusing throughout the masses a personal influence and interest in the welfare of the nation.

4°. In the great question of Education, the State must confine itself to the duty of protection and encouragement, without seeking to assume the functions of the schoolmaster. In the higher branches, Universities self-governing and, as regards their programme and methods of instruction, independent of the

¹ The Comte de Paris, at present resident in England, was recognized by the Comte de Chambord as his lawful successor. He thus combines in his own person the claims of the two houses of Bourbon and Orleans, being the nearest male descendant of the latter. His son, so lately honoured with a lodging in the prisons of the Republic, is said to be a young man of excellent dispositions and of great promise.

State must be established. In all cases religion must be recognized as the dominant principle, and receive its proper place in the curriculum of education.¹

5°. As regards the Land Question, the present system of subdivision, as founded on principles erroneous in political economy and disastrous in its tendency, must be abolished, and laws of succession established modelled more or less on those of England.

¹ *Plato*, who can scarcely be accused of any personal animus against the French Republic, condemns in the strongest manner the principles on which its system of education is conducted. "Knowledge," he says, "without virtue is only prejudicial." (*Alcibiades*.) "Every species of science apart from justice and virtue is but an aptitude for wrong-doing." (*Menexenus*.) "Ignorance is not the greatest of all evils nor the most to be dreaded, a goodly store of information and much knowledge with an evil education is vastly more pernicious." (*Laws*, bk. 7.)

Herbert Spencer asks: "How can the knowledge of the multiplication table or the method of long division develop feelings of sympathy so far as to repress the natural tendency to injure one's neighbour? How can the rules of orthography or grammatical analysis develop the sentiment of Justice, or the accumulations of geographical research increase one's respect for Truth?"

Art Metal-Work among the Jews.

ART metal-work has a high place in Catholic worship. Yet the "religious idea" in art metal-work is older even than the Jewish Dispensation. The pagans anticipated the sentiment. Indeed the pagans not unfrequently made their idol-enshrining temples the most sumptuous of their repositories of art metal-work. We remember how Herodotus praises the temple of Belus, with its golden statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea, and its beautiful censers and cups of the same metal; affirming that their money-value was considerably more than a million pounds sterling. It must be said, then, that the pagans had their "religious idea" of the uses and the poetry of art metal-work. Yet, the religious idea received its first true embodiment in the rearing of the Hebrew Tabernacle in the wilderness; while the perfect realization of the sublimest uses of the precious metals was not reached till the beginning of the fourth century, when the sacred vessels of the Christian altar became the objects of the aspiration of the most gifted of the craftsmen in gold and silver.

Now, the purpose of the present paper is not to treat of art metal-work in its story, its province, its sentiment, but to explain the full force of the allegories of the Old Testament, in relation to the *fining* of the precious metals. To do this it will be necessary to say a few words on the science and the art of metal-work; to show that the *universality* of the use of it was the reason of the *apprehension* of the allegories. The writings of the Prophets abound in metal allusions. Such allusions took for granted popular knowledge. Without such knowledge the allegories would have been unmeaning. Here then we have the object of our inquiry. We proceed, as briefly as we can, before speaking of the allegories, to recall such facts, such experiences of art metal-work, as may make us realize what must have been the force of those allegories when addressed to people who *knew what they meant*.

Students of the Old Testament must have often asked themselves two questions: (1) Whence did the Israelites get the quantities of metal-treasure which are spoken of by the sacred historians? (2) How came it that the poetic imagery, so much employed by the Prophets in regard to the processes of art metal-work, was so perfectly apprehended by their hearers? The answers to the two questions are not difficult. First, as to the quantities of the precious metals: be it remembered that gold and silver were much more plentiful in early days than they came to be, say, two thousand years ago; not only because they were easily discovered on the earth's surface, but because they were easily accumulated by a few conquerors. The fashion of robbing conquered people of their precious metals was continued down to a comparatively modern time. In the Old Testament we read how "David took the arms of gold, which the servants of Adarezer wore, and brought them to Jerusalem. And out of Bete, and out of Beroth, cities of Adarezer, King David took an exceeding great quantity of brass. . . . And in his [Joram's] hands were vessels of gold, and vessels of silver, and vessels of brass; and King David dedicated them to the Lord, together with the silver and gold that he had dedicated of all the nations which he had subdued."¹ Once more (for we might quote a score of passages): in the same book we read, "And he took the crown of their King from his head, the weight of which was a talent of gold, set with most precious stones, and it was put upon David's head, and the spoils of the city which were very great he carried away."² This habit of appropriating the art metal-work of conquered peoples was universal. The chief difference between ancient and modern days is this: that whereas the Jewish conquerors "dedicated their spoils to the Lord," and even the pagans dedicated their spoils to their false gods, modern potentates keep their spoils for themselves, and never devote even a fraction of them to religion.

But our two questions as to (1) the quantities of the precious metals, and (2) the popular apprehension of metallic processes, demand a little further elucidation. We all remember the historic statement that, when the Israelites came out of Egypt, they "spoiled" the Egyptians in these two ways: by taking with them some of the finest specimens of art metal-work, and by taking with them some of the best metallic craftsmen. This

¹ 2 Kings viii. 7, 8, 10, 11.

² 2 Kings xii. 30.

last point deserves more than a passing comment. Consider briefly these two incidents in Hebrew story: the casting of the "golden calf" in the wilderness, and the creation of the exceedingly beautiful Tabernacle. As to the "calf," there has been an immense deal of learned controversy, not so much as to how it could be made, as to how it could be "scientifically" destroyed. It is written that Aaron made the calf in the wilderness, but that Moses "beat the calf to powder." Now it matters not what meaning we attach to the word "powder." Some disputants urge that "powder" was not meant literally; though we much prefer to take the word as it stands. Suffice it that one grain of gold may be beaten into a gold-leaf having a superficies of fifty-six square inches, and that this gold-leaf would have a substance or thickness of not more than the 280,000th of an inch. So that here we get very near to "beating to powder." But even say (with some objectors) that the "calf was not beaten," that it was destroyed by the use of natron (instead of tartaric acid), and that this natron would render the *débris* most offensive, and therefore a penitential "drink" to the Israelites. It really matters little which way we take it. In any case we wonder that the Israelites, when wandering and almost isolated, should have been able to construct the golden calf, and then to destroy it so scientifically. But to speak next of the Tabernacle. It was the first great repository of a true religious art which we read of in sacred or profane story. It was the first true embodiment of a supernatural fact. It was at one and the same time a real treasury of art metal-work, and a symbolical and perfectly didactic edifice. We read the account of it in these days with a not irreverent hesitation lest we should be reading of a construction which was "hardly possible under the circumstances." We thus pay our highest tribute to the constructors. That it was possible is no less obvious than that it was actual, for the very minuteness of the particulars proves them authentic.

It would be delightful at this point to dwell for a few moments on the certainty of the literal truth of the sacred records of the Old Testament. We have no space to stop to express our obligations to the many modern explorers of buried ruins—to the Layards, the Wilkinsons, the Rawlinsons—who have revealed to eye and touch so many startling evidences of the precise historic accuracy of the Old Testament. We will only say how heartily we agree with

Professor Sayce, that "monumental research has not only proved the truth of the events recorded in Scripture, it has also proved that the accounts of the events must have been written by contemporaries. On no other hypothesis is the minute accuracy which distinguishes them to be explained."

But we must still dwell on the universality of art metal-work as the cause of the apprehension of the prophetic allegories, before we pass on to try to realize what the people of Israel must have felt, when their prophets aroused them with fearful imagery. We shall not be wasting time if we speak particularly of silver, of the wonderful abundance of that metal in the Hebrew days. Most of the Scripture allegories are taken from silver, though some few of them are taken from gold. Do not Aristotle, Herodotus, Pliny, make frequent reference to the abundance of silver, Aristotle telling us that, in return for domestic necessities, the natives of Tartessus presented him with more silver than he could manage to stow on board his vessel; and Herodotus, in his account of the invasion by Xerxes, and in his description of the temple of Belus—before alluded to—giving us particulars which sound poetical in their redundancy? Though there are carping critics who think that Herodotus "drew the long bow," still, in regard to metal-abundance he is supported by authorities who have never been accused of the poetic vein. Of modern writers we may quote Mr. Lawson, who tells us that the Phœnicians found silver in such abundance in Spain that they loaded their ships with it to the water's edge, and even made their anchors of the metal. And to quote the same author once more: he says of the palace of Ecbatana that "it had a roof that was covered with tiles made of silver;" no mere imitations, no shams; "it had beams, ceilings, and columns, all made of the same metal." And, finally, as to the funeral pile of Sardanapalus, it was estimated, in its one item of silver, as being worth several hundreds of million pounds, an estimate which, even assuming it to be poetical, shows that the Easterns knew that silver was superabundant.

And now we come to King Solomon. He was a great merchant. In his time the Phœnicians were the masters of the seas. He made a treaty with the King of Tyre, sending ships to fetch metals, so that in one year there came to Solomon from Tyre six hundred and sixty-six talents of metal, of which half seems to have been silver, half gold. And here we touch a period when we might briefly speak of the Temple, as intimat-

ing Hebrew acquaintance with metallic processes. And yet we hesitate. No: was not the Tabernacle (albeit but a shadow of the Temple) a more wonderful and convincing monument to the art metal knowledge of the Hebrews than even the sublimest temple the world has ever seen, "the world's treasury," the Temple on Mount Zion? Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the Tabernacle showed the more knowledge on the part of the Hebrew race, though the Temple showed the more knowledge on the part of Solomon's allies. We have not space to speak of both. A word, then, on "the Tabernacle in the wilderness;" a word as to its testimony to metal knowledge.

Contemplate the propitiatory and the cherubim, works of art such as in these days there are few proficient in art metal-work who would venture to undertake to construct. The cherubim with their outstretched wings were hammered out of one solid piece of gold, an operation which an artisan of our time would certainly feel timorous in approaching. The candelabrum, or lamp-stand, was also of pure gold. "He made also the candlestick of beaten work of the finest gold. From the shaft whereof its branches, its cup, and bowls, and lilies came out. . . . And bowls under two branches in three places, which together make six branches going out from one shaft. So both the bowls and the branches were of the same, all beaten work of the purest gold. He made also the seven lamps with their snuffers, and the vessels where the snuffings were to be put out, of the purest gold. The candlestick with all the vessels thereof weighed a talent of gold."¹

We will only allude to the brass or bronze-work, in one of its details. This one detail will suffice to show how "accomplished" were the early Hebrews in at least some of the departments of metal-work. We allude to the laver made of brass. The cover of this laver was a masterpiece. It was a mirror, and a perfect mirror too. The ordinary proportion of alloys and tin would not have made a good mirror; but an increase of tin to nearly one-third the amount of copper constitutes speculum metal, an alloy which makes an absolutely perfect mirror.

Here then we have the evidence of the advanced knowledge of the Israelites, both as to the science and the art of metallurgy. We must bear in mind that the laver was the washstand of the priests, and was used in preparation for their ceremonies; and that the cover, on being turned back, would serve as a mirror

¹ Exodus xxxvii. 17, 21—24.

in which they would examine themselves before sacrificing. The mirror must therefore have been a perfect one. Such mirrors were common to the ancients; but our point is, the Hebrews could make them. We read in profane writings that women were accustomed, about the time of the Exodus from Egypt, to wear mirrors made out of precisely the same alloys, as ornaments of their festive apparel. An ancient Etruscan mirror, analyzed by a scientist, has yielded the following proportions: copper, 67·12; tin, 24·93; lead, 8·13. So that speculum metal must have been thoroughly understood something like two thousand years B.C.

The Hebrews were the heirs of the learning and the wisdom of the Egyptians. And as the Tabernacle was the first, so was it the last of the grand repositories of art for the wandering Israelites. It was a story both of favour and of wrath. We can admire it with a sort of melancholy wonder, as being typical of ordinary earthly vicissitudes; great in its day, but destined to make way for the greatest of all art-works, the Temple.

We have seen that both as to the "commonness" of the precious metals, and as to the familiar apprehension of metallic processes, the Jews were ripe for appreciating such profoundly stirring allegories as the Prophets might, didactically, employ. Let us try to enter into their feelings—possessing as we do their knowledge—when the Prophets smote them, as it were, with their terrible imagery.

We need not quote the Scriptural passages which were not intended to be prophetic; such as where Job says, "Silver hath beginnings of its veins, and gold hath a place wherein it is melted;"¹ or where Solomon says, "Take away the rust from the silver, and there shall come forth a most pure vessel;"² or where David says, "The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried by the fire, purged from the earth, refined seven times."³ We pass on to the prophetic denunciations. Yet two reflections we may hazard before we quote: first, gold is very seldom found pure; it is combined in most instances with silver, and also not unfrequently with copper. The proportion of silver to gold has been estimated at two to thirty per cent.; varying immensely in different countries, and even in different parts of the same country.

It will be remembered that in the Old Testament there are allusions to different golds; the gold of Ophir, the gold of

¹ Job xxviii. 1.

² Prov. xxv. 4.

³ Psalm xi. 7.

Parodim, the gold of the north ; and Moses says of the land of Hevilath, "The gold of that land is very good."¹

But the *methods* of the purification of the metal are the gist of the aptness of the Bible allegory. "Finishing" was a process which included all the elements of the most searching and even dissolvent severity. Here lies the point of the teaching. As to silver, the Hebrews knew that "the furnace of earth" would brighten silver till it became as a mirror ; and they also knew that both nitric and sulphuric acid would act as dissolvents of silver. The fitness, then, of allegorical interpretation would strike every one who *knew* both these facts. And the masses of the people *did* know them. This is what the Prophets took for granted. And now for the prophetic denunciations.

Isaias said : "Thy silver is turned into dross. . . . I will turn my hand to thee, and I will clean purge thy dross, and I will take away all thy tin." (alloy).²

Jeremias is singularly explicit. "They [the wicked] are brass and iron ; they are all corrupted. The bellows have failed, the lead is consumed in the fire, the founder has melted in vain ; for their wicked deeds are not consumed. Call them reprobate silver, for the Lord hath rejected them."³ This passage is most significant. The excellent art-metallist, Mr. Napier, has remarked, "If we take silver having impurities of iron, copper, and tin, and mix it with lead, and then place it on the fire in a cupek, it soon melts ; the lead will oxidise, and form a thick coarse crust on the surface." Thus there will be any amount of "consuming," but there will not be the least degree of "purifying." The alloy will remain worse even than before. Again : "the bellows failing" seems to signify that mere affliction of itself is of no avail unless the spirit of God "blows upon it." We may easily, therefore, imagine with what fitness, with what point, such a reproach from the Prophet would strike his hearers ; how profoundly they would appreciate his meaning.

Ezekiel says : "Son of man, the house of Israel is become dross to me : all these are brass, and tin, and iron, and lead, in the midst of the furnace : they are become the dross of silver. Therefore thus saith the Lord God : Because you are all turned into dross, therefore behold I will gather you together in the midst of Jerusalem. As they gather silver, and brass, and tin, and iron, and lead in the midst of the furnace : that I may kindle a fire in it to melt it : so will I gather you together

¹ Genesis ii. 12.

² Isaias i. 25.

³ Jerem. vi. 28—30.

in my fury and in my wrath, and will take my rest, and I will melt you down. And I will gather you together, and will burn you in the fire of my wrath, and you shall be melted in the midst thereof. As silver is melted in the midst of the furnace, so shall you be in the midst thereof."¹

Malachi says: "Who shall be able to think of the day of His coming? and who shall stand to see Him? for He is like a refining fire, and like the fuller's herb; and He shall sit refining and cleansing the silver, and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and shall refine them as gold and as silver."² Here we image the refiner *seated*, and *watching* his operations. Gradually the impurities, the *striae* or oxygenated deposits, are loosened away from the perfectly naked metal. A mirror of purity is now presented. The refiner *sees himself* in the mirror. How apt, how fearfully real, is this imagery! It conveys at once the awful truth of the Divine Purity, and the awful truth of the cleansing process of the wicked.

Zacharias says: "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and I will try them as gold is tried."³ The same "science" of metal-process has to be understood for the interpretation; and the Hebrews *did* perfectly understand it.

Why multiply quotations? These five Prophets, when purposing to appeal to hardened sinners, chose that imagery which was at once the most terrible, and the best understood by their hearers. And though this is not the place in which to dwell on such a subject, the remark may be hazarded in conclusion: that there is a close affinity between this imagery of the Prophets and some of the imagery which was chosen by our Lord. Both in the Gospels and in the Pauline Epistles there are passages which recall to us the "purifying" which was insisted on by the Hebrew Prophets; the difference seeming to be that—metallurgy not being understood, as it was before the carrying away into Babylon—a more plain and intelligible figure had to be used. Still the doctrine is precisely the same in the two Testaments. The sciences of metal-fining and metal-fusing are not understood by the masses in our own time as among the Jews, and the didactic power of the prophetic imagery, so terribly adapted to touch the reason as well as the sentiment of the readers, is not so easy for us to appreciate as for the Jewish people.

¹ Ezech. xxii. 18—22.

² Malac. iii. 2, 3.

³ Zach. xiii. 9.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.

FATHER THOMAS WHITE.

THOMAS WHITE was born at Clonmel in the year 1558, entered the Society in 1588 or 1592, was founder and Rector of the Irish College of Salamanca, a great pillar of the Irish Church, and a man of extraordinary piety and zeal; he died at Santiago on May 28, 1622.¹ "He did more for the preservation of the faith in his native land than any other Irishman ever did, during the terrible ordeal through which the Church of Ireland passed in two or three centuries of persecution. To him is due the idea of establishing Irish Colleges in foreign lands, in order to educate priests for the trying and dangerous Irish Mission. Clonmel may well be proud of having been the birthplace of this saviour of the faith of Ireland. Such a man is in every way worthy of a national monument; and I hope to see the day when the Irish Church will, in gratitude to his memory, raise one in the capital of the kingdom, and another in his native town." So writes the learned Dr. MacDonald, Rector of the Irish College of Salamanca.² Nearly three centuries ago another writer, Father John Coppinger,³ asked: "Was it not that great charitie of Father Thomas White, naturall of Clonmell, seeing so manie poor scholars of his nation in great miserie at Valladolid, having no means to continue their studie nor language to begge, having given over his private commoditie, did recollect and reduce them to one place, which he maintained by his industrie and begging, until, by his petition to Philip the Second, in the year 1593, a College of Irish students was founded."

Father White's native town, Clonmel, was famous for its attachment to the Catholic faith, and is thus spoken of by Sir John Davis, the Attorney-General: "It is a well-built and

¹ Foley's *Collectanea*, S.J., art. "White, Thomas."

² *Irish Ecccl. Record* of 1872, pp. 558, 560.

³ *Mnemosynum to the Catholics of Ireland*, Edit. 1608, p. 268.

well-kept town upon the river of Sure. White, a lawyer (Father White's brother) was elected sovereign of that place in 1600, and was as much Romish as any of the other magistrates of Munster towns; and in 1606 it was more haunted of Jesuits and priests than any other town or city of the province; which is the cause that we found the burgesses there more obstinate than elsewhere. For when the Lord President did gently offer to the principal inhabitants that he would spare to proceed against them then, if they would yield to conference for a time, and become bound in the meantime not to receive any Jesuit or priest into their houses, *they peremptorily refused.*"¹

The family of White had come to Ireland with Henry the Second,² and had produced many distinguished men. The learned Dr. Lynch, in his *Alithinologia*, says, "The Whites have always clung steadfastly to the faith. In the year 1585, Victor White, of Clonmell, suffered the loss of his property, liberty, and life, rather than betray a priest of God. Peter, Dean of Waterford, and John, a priest, suffered many things for the Faith, as we are told by Sanders; Richard, Lord of Loghil, lost his liberty and lands because he refused to take the Oath of Supremacy. Sir Dominick and Sir Andrew and Nicholas White sacrificed their fortunes, and went into exile sooner than renounce the inheritance of St. Patrick. It is beyond all doubt that there are more priests of this one family than of any other Irish name. I myself have known Stephen White, of the Society of Jesus, Doctor of Divinity and *Professor emeritus*, who, on account of his great learning in every department of science, has been called by some *Polyhistor*, and by others a *walking library*; I think his brother was that James White, whom O'Sullivan calls Doctor of Divinity. I have seen a Doctor of Divinity at Nantes named Balthazar White, while in the same town Dr. John White of the Oratory teaches Divinity with the greatest *éclat*, and is honoured with the title of Rector of the Academy; there is also another Doctor of Divinity, of the same family, living in exile at Morlaix."³

It is certain that Thomas White's father lived in a castle at the west end of Clonmel,⁴ that the brothers of Thomas were Mr. White, the Mayor of Clonmel, who was deposed as a

¹ *Calendar of Carew Papers*, an. 1606, p. 475.

² *Apologia pro Hibernia*. By S. White, S.J. p. 50.

³ *Alithinologia Supplementum*, p. 190.

⁴ *Duffy's Catholic Magazine* of 1848, p. 272.

"recusant" in 1606, Dr. James White, Vicar-Apostolic of Waterford and Lismore, and, most probably, Stephen White, S.J. His nephew was Peter White, S.J.; his near kinsmen were Patrick and Nicholas White, who were heavily fined for not going to the Protestant church, and Father Thomas Lombard of the Order of St. Bernard. His other relatives were, Andrew Wise, Grand Prior of Capua, of the Order of St. John of Malta; Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Cashel; Father Nicholas Comerford, S.J.; Dr. Comerford, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; and several Fathers Lombard of the Society of Jesus.¹

Thomas White was born in the year 1556, as we learn from the Irish Jesuit Catalogues of 1609 and 1617. As he was uncle and Superior of Father Peter White, S.J., so (we have reason to believe) he was nephew and pupil of Dr. Peter White, the prince of Irish schoolmasters, at whose celebrated school, says Stanihurst, "the Whites" were educated. He witnessed the immense advantages conferred on Ireland by the scholastic labours of Dr. White, "by whose industry and travail a great part of the youth both of the country round Waterford and of Dublin had greatly profited in learning and virtuous education."² He saw that when Dr. White "was ejected from his deanery for his religion, he continued, notwithstanding, in his beloved faculty of pedagogy, which was then accounted a most excellent employment in Ireland by the Catholics, *especially for this reason*, that the sons of noblemen and gentlemen might be trained up in their religion, and so consequently keep out Protestancy."³ He witnessed the extraordinary and successful zeal of his brother John, of whom Sir William Drury wrote to Walsingham in the year 1577: "John White is worshipped like a god between Kilkenny and Waterford and Clonmel; he suborneth all the dwellers of these parts to detest the religion established by Her Majesty. He is a chief preacher to the contrary, an arrogant enemy to the Gospel. If he were not so, and if his auricular teaching were not such, one nobleman, to the comfort of a great number, should be converted from this Popery."⁴ Encouraged by the glorious example of his kinsmen, and under the advice, we believe, of Dr. White, he resolved to serve the afflicted Irish Church by devoting himself to the beloved "faculty of pedagogy,"

¹ *Ibernia Ignatiana*, pp. 188, 219.

² Ware's *Writers*, p. 95.

³ Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* i. 575.

⁴ *State Papers of Ireland*, an. 1577.

in which we find him busily engaged at Valladolid in 1582, the year in which an alumnus of the Jesuit College, Rome, Archbishop Skerret, opened a school in Galway, and taught reading, grammar, as well as the Christian doctrine.¹

Dr. Skerret's labours did not last long, as he had to flee for his life to Spain, where he died in the year 1593. Among the other Irish exiles who then swarmed over the Peninsula, "many poor scholars of that nation were in great misery at Valladolid, having no means to continue their studies, nor language to beg." Thomas White gave over his own private commodity, gathered the illustrious exiles under one roof, maintained them by his industry and by appeals to the Catholic sympathies of the citizens. Thus he struggled on for ten years in the hope that God would provide for his pupils a suitable College and a fixed revenue.² In the year 1592, following up a happy thought, he took all the students and presented them to King Henry the Second, at Villa Real de San Lorenzo. The King spoke kind and encouraging words to them, and gave them a large sum of money. Not satisfied with that, White brought them again to the King, and asked His Majesty to found and endow a College for them. The King graciously granted his request, and bid the youths to go to Salamanca, where a College was founded, the care of which was entrusted to the Society of Jesus. When Thomas White had placed his band of pupils in the hands of our Fathers, he gave himself to the Society, as he had long previously desired to do. So writes Jouvancy, the historian of the Society, who is mistaken, however, in stating that Father White was then an aged priest, as he was only thirty-six years of age.

Such was the origin of *El Real Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses*, the first College, says Primate Lombard, that the Irish Catholics obtained on the Continent after the Reformation. On August 2, 1592, Philip the Second wrote from Valladolid "To the Rector, Chancellor, and Cloister of the University of Salamanca: As the Irish youths who had been living in this city (of Valladolid) have resolved to go to yours to avail of the opportunities it affords for advancement in literature and languages, a house having been prepared for them, in which they intend to live under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, I will allow them a good annual stipend, and

¹ Lynch's *Alithinologia*, p. 82.

² Coppinger's *Mnemosynum*, p. 268; Jouvancy's *Hist. S.J.* 1592.

I desire to give them this letter to charge you, as I hereby do, to regard them as highly recommended, and not to allow them to be ill-treated in any way, but to favour and aid them as far as you can; in order that, as they have left their own country, and all they possessed in it, for the service of God our Lord and for the preservation of the Catholic faith, and as they make profession of returning to preach in that country and to suffer martyrdom, if necessary, they may get in that University the reception which they have reason to expect. I am certain you will do this, and become benefactors to them; so that with your subscription and that of the city, to the authorities of which I am also writing, they may be able to pursue their studies with content and freedom, and thereby attain the end which they have in view. *Yo el Rey.*"¹

Fathers White, Archer, and Conway were the men to whom the fortunes of the young establishment were entrusted, and they were its "Vice-Rectors" for seven years. From an inscription over the chapel door, we learn that the College was dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland, who is also revered as the Patron of one of the chief provinces of Spain; and that Pope Paul the Fifth attached special Indulgences to the picture of St. Patrick which is to be seen in that chapel. Father White, while yet a novice, was Spiritual Director of the Salamanca students from 1592 to 1594, when he was sent to preside over the College of Lisbon, recently founded by Father Howling. In 1595, he was at Coruña, probably questing for his two Colleges. He there met the Captain of the Port of Coruña, Dominic O'Cullain, a native of Youghal, head of the clan Cullain, commander of heavy cavalry in the wars of the French League, one of the handsomest men of his time, and a model of a Christian soldier. This man, of such an extraordinary career, consulted Father White about his vocation, became a lay-brother of the Society of Jesus, and ultimately a martyr, whose life and death shall be briefly sketched in these pages.

In 1602, Father White was Rector of the Irish College of Salamanca. In 1604, he petitioned Father General to appoint a *Prefect of the Mission* over all the Irish Colleges, S.J., whose duties were to visit them, to keep up a good understanding between Rectors and Professors, and harmony among the students; to examine the accounts, and to further the material

¹ *Commentarius de Regno Hib.* p. 137.

interests of the different houses. He got Father Archer appointed first *Prefect*.

Meanwhile, the English Government did its best to prevent Irish youths from frequenting the Continental Colleges, as we may learn from this State Paper.

"By the Lord Deputy and Councell, Mountjoy, 10th March, 1602.—We straightly charge, in Her Majesty's name, that no Merchant nor Merchants, Maister nor Owner of any Ship, Barque, Pickard, or other Bottom whatsoever, nor Mariner, nor other person nor persons whatsoever, not first licensed thereunto by the Lord Deputy, or . . . , doe or shall traffick, trade, or take his or their voyage from any Port, Town, Haven, or Creek. And such licensed Merchant shall take his or their Corporall Oath, and enter into a recognizance in a convenient summe to Her Majesty, that he . . . shall not carry nor transport, nor suffer to be transported nor carried, with himself, by his means, procurement, consent, nor knowledge, any letters, messages, massing or other seditious books, or libels, or passengers whatsoever, but such . . . as he shall produce and make known to the Lord Deputy . . . and he shall keep an orderly booke of his proceedings therein. And any Merchant who does not observe this, shall have his ship and goods confiscated and forfeited to Her Majesty, and their bodies to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure."

In 1603 Father White was at Lisbon, where he received a long letter in Portuguese written from Ireland by the Jesuits Leynach and Morony, who give him a detailed account of the battle of Kinsale, of the persecutions in Ireland, and of the life and martyrdom of his friend Dominick O'Cullen, whom they call Nossó Martyr O'Coulén. In 1606, at the request of the Protectors and students of the Irish nation, at Lisbon and Salamanca, the Pope granted to the fisherman of Setnual and Casques, and other districts of Portugal, Galicia, and the Provinces of Biscay, permission to fish on six Sundays or festivals every year, and to sell the fish thus taken for the benefit of the aforesaid Colleges. In 1607, Father White was at Lisbon, and helped to keep a correspondence open between the Jesuits of Ireland and their General at Rome. In that year, also, Father Archer asked the General to give leave to himself and Father White to go to Belgium, and establish an Irish novitiate there. In 1609, White was consoled by the great progress of his Salamanca students, which was

evidenced by the following certificate written in their favour by the Rector and Cloister of the University on the 29th of March, 1609, and addressed to the Bishop: "Although this University has still, and has had, so many native children, who witness in their own persons throughout the world to the virtue and learning inculcated in it, yet it cannot but be content and proud to have adopted and admitted into its family, some sixteen years ago, the College of Irish students, who, under the government of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, have always displayed so great eagerness in their studies, and in the exercises of virtue and Christian perfection, that they have rendered themselves worthy of the highest estimation that can be formed of them, and of any favours which can be done them; particularly when we consider that their sole intention and desire is to return, as they do, for the glory and honour of God, to preach and defend their sacred religion against the heretics in Ireland and other parts, doing immense good, and sealing with their blood, which many have shed, and by their martyrdoms, which many have suffered, the true Catholic doctrine, through the mercy of God preserved in Spain and taught in this University."

In 1610, this College received authority to use as its arms the royal quarterings of Spain; a house was presented to it in the name of the kingdom, and this inscription was put over the door: "This College was built by these Kingdoms for the support of the Catholic religion in Ireland, in the year in which Philip the Third, the Catholic King, expelled the Moriscos, 1610."

In the year 1611, so many Irish were flocking to the Irish Colleges in Spain and Portugal, that the Queen of Spain, most probably at the request of Father White, wrote to His Holiness: "Most Holy Father. The ardent zeal I know your Holiness has for the service of God and the good of the Church . . . cause me not to hesitate in writing to your Holiness to recommend an object worthy of your zeal. Such I regard the protection of the seminaries of Irishmen, who now with such courage return, after their studies, to preach the Gospel in their native land, shedding their blood for the confession of the Catholic faith and obedience to the Church of Rome. And because just at present the persecution is greatest, it is necessary to procure for them more schools, where they may be taught; for the pupils are multiplying

every day, so that, although in these kingdoms the King, my Lord, has instituted three Colleges, at Salamanca, Lisbon, and Santiago, there is not room for all that come. And so some go on to Rome, where it would be a great comfort to them to have a seminary, as they have in other nations. Though I am sure the motives that exist for this good work are quite sufficient to move your Holiness thereto; yet will I not lose what I may gain by supplicating your Holiness, as I hereby do, to favour and assist them, that they may have a seminary founded under your protection; a thing which will certainly tend to the service of God, and will be to me a singular favour. Madrid. February 29, 1611. Your Holiness' very humble and obedient daughter, Margaret, by the grace of God, Queen of the Spains, of the two Sicilies, and of Jerusalem. THE QUEEN."

It is more than probable that it was Father White who asked the Queen to write this kind Christian letter. In that year he received *A True Report of the State of Things in Ireland*, and some letters on the same melancholy subject, which would fill thirty pages of THE MONTH. His heart was sorely afflicted by these sad reports, and no doubt it was through him the Queen had learned that "just at present the persecution is greatest." On one of these documents Father White wrote in English, "They take away the liberties and charters of each city, which they had tyme out of minde; they make no trafficking in or out of the Kingdome, but they must give the moiety or half out of their vroadage upon their departure, and half of their profit upon their returne, intending thereby that no merchants or natives of the country shall have trade or traficke in or out of the country, but only English merchants, such as shall be sent out of England, as hereby the natives may be utterly impoverished and extinguished."

About a week after the date of the Queen's letter, the King wrote to the Governor of Galicia: "I have determined that the College of Irishmen, which was founded in Santiago some time ago, shall be governed henceforth by the religious of the Society of Jesus. I am writing to tell the Provincial to make what arrangements he thinks fit, and I charge you to attend to everything relating to said College, and to give orders that the Provincial be obeyed, and to give to it the sum of money which I have been accustomed to grant to it each year; and this is to be paid with punctuality." As the Jesuit Provincial was not willing to undertake the burthen of this young estab-

lishment, his own Province being deeply in debt, and as the actual Superior was unwilling to hand the College over to Fathers White and Archer, the King sent a new order through the Duke of Lerma, who wrote to the Provincial in 1613: "His Majesty understands that the manner in which the Irish College of Santiago is at present governed does not suit the end for which it was founded. . . . He commands anew that your Reverence shall order your religious to govern the said institution as they do those of Salamanca, and he commands the Irish clergyman, who has presided over it up to the present, to surrender his office, and let what has been heretofore employed in his support, go to the funds of that house." In consequence of this royal command, Fathers Thomas White, William White, and Richard Conway took charge of the establishment, and by their influence with the faithful, to whose charity they never ceased to appeal, they were able to maintain ten pupils in 1617, and twenty-five some time afterwards.

The service rendered to the Catholic religion by these seminaries is recognized in a State paper of the year 1613, which is printed in the *Hibernica Curiosa*. It says: "The true religion is not by the natives had in any regard on account of the multitude of Popish schoolmasters, priests, friars, Jesuits, and seminaries. The number of priests appeareth to be occasioned by a continual fomentation out of the *seminaries erected for the Irish in Spain and the Low Countries*, and by the Colleges of the Jesuits, every of which Colleges instructs and indoctrinates two students of the Irish. The cities, towns, and country swarm with priests and Jesuits. Their sons they send to be educated in Spain, France, Italy, and the Archduke's dominions, more than usual, which hath been no ancient custom among them; for Sir Patrick Barnwall, now living, was the first gentleman's son of quality,¹ that was ever sent out of Ireland to be brought up in learning beyond the seas. The next rebellion, whenever it shall happen, doth threaten more danger to the State than any heretofore, when the cities and walled towns were always faithful; (1) because they have the same bodies they ever had, and therein they have and had advantage of us; (2) from infancy they have been and are exercised in the use of arms; (3) the realm, by reason of the long peace, was never so full of youths; (4) that they are better soldiers than heretofore their continual

¹ I think his neighbour and friend, Father Christopher Holywood, S.J., of Artane was sent before him.

employment in wars abroad assures us, and they do conceive that their men are better than ours."

In 1617 or 1618, Father White was Rector of the Irish College of Salamanca, as we learn from a document presented to the King of Spain, *circ.* 1618, by Count O'Sullivan-Beare, and preserved among the Ussher MSS. in Trinity College. It says: "In Ireland there are three kinds of Irish, (1) the ancient, (2) the mixed, who are descended of Irish mothers, and in language, habit and customs do conform to the Irish, such as the Earls of Kildare, Desmond, Clanrickard and Ormond, the Lords Barry, Roche, &c., (3) the English-Irished, who hold not Irish customs or language, that is, merchants and traders of towns, and some knights and gents of East Meath, and about Dublin and in the Pale. Among the ancient Irish are John Baptista (Duigin), of the Society, Rector in Lisbon, Cornelius de la Roch (Carrig), of the same Society, William Macrath, S.J., Lector in the Seminary at Lisbon. Of the mixed are Father John Robert Nugent, S.J., in Ireland, and his brother Father Nicholas Nugent, a prisoner in Dublin for the Catholic faith. Of the *English-Irish* are Father Thomas White, S.J., Rector of the Irish Seminary of Salamanca, and Father Richard Conway, S.J., Rector of the Irish at Santiago."

Father White might be called "English-Irish" by O'Sullivan-Beare, but he was Irish in tongue as well as in heart, and rendered more service to Ireland than did all the O'Sullivan's that ever lived. We find this indefatigable priest at Rome in the year 1619. There he received several letters from persons in Spain beseeching him to use his influence to get the Irish College of Seville placed under the care of Jesuit Fathers, as were those of Salamanca, Lisbon, and Santiago. According to Ortiz de Zuñiga, in his *Annals of Seville*, some pious people and particularly a devout and zealous priest, who afterwards entered the Society of Jesus, desired to establish a College for the Irish. So in 1612, the Irish had a house with some form of College, and attended lectures at the Jesuit College of St. Hermenigild. They were fostered and assisted by Don Felix de Guzman, who thought it would be advantageous if the Society of Jesus would charge itself with the government of the young institution. This College had been started by a zealous youth of Lisbon College, named Theobald Stapleton, who was also called by the Irish equivalent *Galldubh*. He left Lisbon before he had completed his studies or received ordination; and, without

previously communicating his design to any one, went to the Duke of Braganza and to the Archbishop and the Governor of Seville, from whom he got encouragement. He sought out and gathered around him the poor Irish scholars of Seville, and, neglecting his own studies, hired a house and procured food for them, that they might prosecute their studies and give a good account of themselves. When he had exhausted the resources of Seville, he went with a companion named Charles Ryan to Madrid, and obtained more assistance. He threw himself heart and soul into his work and procured for the spiritual direction of his companions Father James Kearney,¹ a young priest of the College of Salamanca, who afterwards became a very learned and holy Jesuit. Theobald Stapleton became the proto-martyr of the College of Seville, which afterwards became the fruitful mother of martyrs, and in which he had served his apprenticeship of martyrdom. He returned to Ireland, and was stabbed to the heart while giving Holy Communion.

Don Felix de Guzman assisted Stapleton, gave him a monthly subsidy out of his own resources, interested the King and others in behalf of the College, and induced the Society to accept its management. When he died Bishop-Elect of Majorca, he left the College his universal heir.

Another benefactor, Don Geronimo de Medina Farragut, at a time when the students had no fixed abode, invited them to his house, lived with them for two years, and, as he records himself, was highly edified by their piety and good conduct. When the Society took charge of the College in 1619, he made to it an absolute grant of his houses which were valued at 4,000 crowns. The first Superiors were James Kearney and Maurice Reagan; they were succeeded by four Spaniards. Seeing that it was not prospering under such management, de Guzman and Farragut pressed the Jesuits to take charge of it—the former offering to support the Fathers who might be sent thither, the latter undertaking to make over to them the houses occupied by the students, on the sole condition that the College should be called of the *Pure Conception of the Mother of God, Our Lady, and of the Catholic Faith*. This name it retained ever after, though by the people it was affectionately called *Colegio de los Chiquitos*, or the College of the Little Ones; whence also the street was christened *Calle de los Chiquitos*, and

¹ Stapleton, Ryan, and Kearney, were from the county of Tipperary.

even a tavern adjoining the College was styled *La Taberna de los Chiquitos*.

Father White induced Father General, and de Guzman requested the King, to write to the Spanish Provincial, and press him to take charge of the Irish College; and the Jesuit of course consented. The King's letter runs thus: "THE KING: Reverend and devout Father Augustin de Quirros, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Andalucia. Persons zealous for the service of our Lord and for the preservation and increase of the Catholics in Ireland, have informed me that it would be of great importance to encourage and direct the students of that nation, who come to the Irish College in Seville, and that this would be best done if the Society of Jesus would take charge of it, as it has of those which are in Lisbon, Santiago, Salamanca, and Flanders. And I, who have always desired and procured the furtherance of the Catholic faith in Ireland, have received their petition graciously, and I charge you to take up the government of the said College, in the same way as the Society has that of Lisbon and the other places that I have mentioned, and besides the service of God which may result therefrom, I shall look on this as a service to myself. Lisbon, July 25, 1619: I, THE KING."

The result of these negotiations was that Father Richard Conway became its first Jesuit Rector on August 20, 1619.

We next meet Father White at the death-bed of his distinguished pupil and fellow-diocesan, Father Murty, who was a man of great wit and capacity, of remarkable industry, of extraordinary grace of delivery, and was like to prove a miracle in the matter of learning.¹ Concerning the last moments of this promising religious, Father Ferdinand de Castro writes: "On Sunday, September 21, 1620, at ten o'clock in the morning, our Lord was pleased to take to Himself Father Stephen Murty. He died of a hectic fever, the seeds of which he brought from the College of Salamanca, when he came to profess Theology here, and all the means employed to battle with it were of no avail. It was the opinion of all that he should go home to Ireland to his native air, which agreed well with him on a former occasion. However, he got but as far as the town of Bayonne, when his illness confined him to bed, and got such a hold on him that he knew he was dying. He gave this College notice of his indisposition, and Father Thomas

¹ Dr. Oliver's and H. Foley's *Collectanea*.

White went off at once to attend and console him in his trouble, and remained with him in company with another priest from this seminary, for the space of five days, till he died; and this diminished his grief at dying away from his beloved College. Before he left Santiago he made a general confession, and said he was making his confession for death, for he thought it more probable that he should go to the other world than to Ireland. In his illness he also confessed several times to Father White; and when they brought him the Most Holy Sacrament, he delivered such a tender and affecting address, that the principal people of the town, who were present, looked on him as a saint. He received Extreme Unction in his full senses, which he retained to the end. The Franciscan Fathers, who attended him in his sickness, asked for his body, and they honoured him so far as to bury him near the high altar, and for three days in succession recited for him the Divine Office, at which the Governor with his guard of soldiers, the Mayor with the town authorities, and the Abbot, with the whole staff of the collegiate church, attended. Our Lord was thus pleased to honour him in death for the great humility he practised in life. He never did an action which savoured of vanity, nor uttered a word to his own credit, though he had the splendid talents we all know. He was thirty-six years of age, of which he had spent nineteen in the Society with singular exemplariness, edification, and recollection, so that no one could find the slightest fault in him. He had a remarkable and heavenly gift for bringing back heretics, in which he employed himself the seven years he was in his native land, to the wonderful advantage and fruit of souls, and to the great credit of our Society. No one ever saw him angry, nor heard him say a rash word, and in his long illness, which was so trying and painful, he was never heard to complain of the want of anything. On the contrary, every one saw in him great conformity with the will of God; and his confessor goes so far as to say that he never committed a mortal sin in his whole life."

The same Spanish Jesuit, Ferdinand de Castro, had soon to write an account of the death of Father White himself. He says: "This day, Sunday, the 28th of May, 1622, at seven o'clock in the morning, Father Thomas White was called to receive the reward of his great labours and merit. He died of fever. He was sixty-four years of age, and had spent thirty-four years in the Society, during which he laboured apostolically

in the service of God and of the Catholic faith, which through means of the colleges he founded in Spain has been preserved in his native land. His life and virtues are well known in the Society, and cannot have justice done to them in a brief letter. All his anxiety, all his desires were ever for the greater glory of God and the good of his colleges, in behalf of which he toiled incessantly. He had always great resignation to the will of God, from whom, as he declared before death, he had never asked anything in earnest which he did not receive. God always favoured his designs by moving the wills of the Chapters, Prelates, and Princes with whom he came in contact to assist him with their subscriptions. They assisted him most liberally, and they recognized in him a man of great zeal and extraordinary virtue. To the students of the colleges founded by him he was a bright example of religious perfection; and by his influence and untiring exertions various religious orders were supplied with distinguished subjects, and Ireland was peopled with holy priests and prelates who confess that, after God, it is to Father White they are indebted for all the good that is in them.

“He edified exceedingly all those lay people who knew him. He practised great penance, and, notwithstanding his age, wore a hair-shirt continually, and took the discipline every day. He cultivated much simplicity in his dress and manner of life, and for his daily food he used only a little bread and cheese, which he ate as he journeyed along the road. When travelling, and amidst the external occupation in which he was almost constantly employed, he kept up a singular interior recollection, and never once omitted his exercises of prayer and spiritual contemplation. In his last illness he gave strong proofs of the sanctity of his life. Though death caught him at the moment when he would naturally feel it most, being then engaged in organizing this College of Santiago, he bowed down with the most fervent acts of resignation to the holy will of God, and expressed his great regret at not having served Him still more devotedly. Even at the moments when the fever went to his head, his sentiments were the same, and thus evidenced that virtue and religion had become a second nature to him. He received Holy Communion three times during the fifteen days his sickness lasted; Extreme Unction was administered to him in good time, and, as we finished the recommendation of the soul to God, he breathed his last in great peace, his countenance

retaining all the appearance of life. All these things fill us with the hope that he is in Heaven ; but we are overwhelmed with grief for what all the colleges have lost in this father and protector of his country, and his death has created a profound sensation in this seminary and throughout the whole city, in which it is bewailed with tears."

Such were the life, labours, and death of this truly Apostolic man, in whom we may find verified the words of our Lord : "I have chosen you that you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." What that fruit was we may learn from the fact, witnessed to by the German Jesuit Tanner, the Spanish Father Nieremberg, and the Irish Father Reade,¹ that, in the first fifty years of its existence under the direction of Father White and his successors, the Irish College of Salamanca educated three hundred and seventy students, of whom were one Primate of all Ireland, four Archbishops, five Bishops, nine Provincials of Religious Orders, thirty martyrs, whose lives were cut short by the sword, the halter, or by imprisonment, exile, and other calamities suffered for the Faith ; one hundred and twenty Religious, twelve distinguished writers, and forty Doctors of Divinity and Professors thereof, many of whom, says Nieremberg, filled the first chairs in the most celebrated Universities of Europe.²

Father White received great help in his arduous undertaking from the presence and influence in Spain of his distinguished kinsman, Father Nicholas Quemmerford or Comerford, S.J., who "was honourably employed and obtained unbounded applause in some of the most celebrated colleges of that kingdom."³ The Comerfords showed ardent attachment to the Faith in the sixteenth century. A wayside cross erected at Danganmore at that period bears the inscription : "Pray for the souls of Richard Comerford and of his wife Dame Johanna Saint-Leger." In 1592, Richard Comerford of Waterford, Merchaunt, is reported to the Government for entertaining Sir Morren, a priest ; and

¹ See biography of William Bathe, S.J., in Tanner's *Societas Jesu Apostolorum Imitatrix*, and Nieremberg's *Varones Ilustres de la Compañia de Jesus*; also Father Redanus or Reade's *Commentary on the Maccabees*.

² For much interesting information on Father White I am indebted to Dr. William MacDonald's *History of the Irish Colleges since the Reformation*, and to his many kind letters written to me while he was Rector of the Irish College of Salamanca.

³ Brennan's *Eccles. History of Ireland*.

Belle Butler, wife unto Thomas Comerford of Waterford, Merchaunt (now in Spain), is denounced for retaining Sir John White, priest. Nicholas was the son of Patrick Comerford,¹ of Waterford, and of his wife, a lady of the influential family of Walsh; he was uncle of Dr. Patrick Comerford, the distinguished Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; he was related to the best families of his native city, was the first of sixteen Waterford Jesuits of the name, who lived between the years 1590 and 1640; and he was the first of the many celebrated natives of Waterford who joined the Society of Jesus. He was educated at the school of Dr. Peter White, "from which, says Stanihurst, as from a Trojan horse, issued men of distinguished literary ability and learning—the Whites, Comerfords, Walshes, Wadings, Dormers, Shees, Garveys, Butlers, Stronges, and Lombards.² Out of this schoole have sprouted such proper ympes through the painfull diligence and the laboursome industry of a famous lettered man, Mr. Peter White, as generally the whole weale publike of Ireland, and especially the southerne parts of that island, are greatly thereby furthered. This gentleman's methode in trayning up youth was rare and singular, framing the education according to the scoler's veine. If he found him free, he would bridle hym, like a wyse Isocrates, from his booke: if he perceived hym to be dull, he would spur hym forward; if he understoode that he were the worse for beating, he would wiff him with rewardes; finally, by interlacing study with vacation, sorrow with mirth, payne with pleasure, sownesse with sweetnesse, roughness with myldnesse, he had so good successe in schooling his pupils, as in good sooth I may boldly byde by it, that in the realme of Ireland was no Grammar School so good, in England, I am well assured, none better. And because it was my happy happe (God and my parents be thanked) to have been one of his crewe, I take it to stand with my duty, sith I may not stretche myne habilitie in requiting his good turnes, yet to manifeste my good will in remembryng his paines. And, certes, I acknowledge myselfe so much bounde and beholding to hym and his, as for his sake I reverence the meanest stone cemented in the walles of that famous schoole."³

¹ His ancestor had come from Staffordshire with King John, and married a niece of Hugh de Lacy; members of the family were Palatine Barons of Danganmore and Marquesses d'Anglure.

² Stanihurst, *De Rebus in Hibernia Gestis*, p. 25.

³ Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*.

From White's school Comerford went to Oxford (where White himself had been some time Fellow of Oriel), and, according to Anthony Wood, "he there took his Degree of Arts in the year 1562, after he had spent at least four years in pecking and hewing at logic and philosophy. Which degree being completed by determination, he went into his own country, entered the sacred function, and had preferment there, but was turned out from it because of his religion. He wrote in English a pithy and learned treatise, very exquisitely penned, as one Richard Stanihurst saith, entitled *Answers to Certain Questions Propounded by the Citizens of Waterford*. He also wrote divers sermons. Soon after he left his country for the sake of religion, went to the University of Louvain, where he was promoted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity June 23, 1576, and afterwards, as it is said, wrote and published divers things."¹

Wood was mistaken with regard to the date, the 23rd of June, as we know from Foppens' MS. History of Louvain² that Comerford went to that University in 1565, and became Doctor of Divinity on October 23, 1576; on which occasion his fellow-citizen, Peter Lombard, who ranked "Primus Universitatis," composed and published a Latin poem entitled *Carmen Heroicum in Doctoratum Nicolai Quemerfordii*. Comerford came at once to the help of his countrymen; his presence was soon felt and was thus reported in 1577 by the Lord President of Munster: "Doctor Quemerford of Waterford is also of late come out of Louvain; he and all the rest taught all the way between Rye and Bristol against our religion, and caused a number to despair. There are a great number of students of this city of Waterford in Louvain, at the charge of their friends and fathers."³ The fame of Louvain spread over Europe, its lecture-halls were frequented at times by three thousand students, and Cardinal Bellarmine declared he had never perhaps seen anything equal to it as to numbers, learning, &c.⁴ Among those thousands the genius and learning of the city of Waterford shone with the brightest lustre.

A people so gifted and enlightened as the inhabitants of

¹ *Athene Oxon.* i. p. 200, Edit. 1721.

² MS. Hist. Universitatis Lovan. p. 258.

³ See Dr. Maziere Brady's *State Papers*, an. 1577.

⁴ "Credite mihi, multa gymnasia, multas Academias, multa musarum domicilia vidi, sed rara sunt ac prope nulla, quæ cum hac illustrissima sede velut arce quadam Sapientie, vel auditorum multitudine, vel Doctorum celebritate, vel loci ipsius commoditate comparari possint." (*Concio Lovanii habita*, XX.)

Waterford could neither be cajoled nor coerced into the embraces of heresy. This is fully recognized and deplored by the missionary Lord President of Munster, who continues in these terms: "James Archer of Kilkenny, Dr. Comerford of Waterford, and Chaunter Walsh are the principal agents of the Pope. Popery is mainly supported by the students of Waterford educated at Louvain, by whom the proud and undutiful inhabitants of this town are cankered in Popery, undutiful to Her Majesty, slandering the Gospel publicly, as well this side the sea as beyond in England, that they fear not God nor man, and hath their altars, painted images, and candlesticks in derision of the Gospel, every day in their synagogues—so detestable that they may be called the unruly newtters rather than subjects. Masses infinite they have in their several churches every morning without any fear. I have spied them; for I chanced to arrive last Sunday at five of the clock in morning and saw them resort out of the churches by heaps; this is shameful in a reformed city." This "shameful" conduct went on for twenty years longer, for Dr. Lyon, Protestant Bishop of Cork, reports to Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, in a letter dated July 6, 1596, "The Mayor of Waterford, which is a great lawyer, one Wadding, carieth the sword and rod (as I think he should do) for Her Majesty; but he nor his sheriffs never came to the church sithence he was mayor, nor sithence this reign, nor *none of the citizens, men nor women, nor in any other towne or city throughout this province*, which is lamentable to hear, but most lamentable to see; the Lord in His mercy amend it when it shall please His gracious goodness to look on them." These canting knaves, Drury and Lyon,

Were of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the gospel given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to Heaven.

If Drury could have "spied," and caught Comerford and Archer, he would have got them hanged, drawn, and quartered, as two years previously he had served their brother in religion, Edmund O'Donnell, S.J. However, this cruel man, who reported the movements of Comerford, went a year afterwards to give an account of himself to God; having hanged Bishop O'Hely, he suddenly got sick and died, uttering blasphemies.¹

¹ So says the tract of Father Holywood, which has for title, *Magna Supplicia a Persecutoribus aliquot in Hibernia sumpta.*

Fathers Comerford and Archer escaped the clutches of Drury, perhaps through the kindness of Annie O'Meara, the wife of Magrath, the Queen's Archbishop of Cashel. Annie was in the habit of eliciting State secrets from his Grace, and of giving timely warning to priests when any danger was impending. Indeed the poor apostate friar aided her in the good work; for on June 26, 1582, he wrote to her from Greenwich: "I desire you now to cause the friends of Darby Creagh (Bishop of Cork) to send him out of the whole country, if they may; for there is such search to be made for him that, unless he be wise, he shall be taken. I desire you, also, to send away from your house *all the priests you are in the habit of having there.*" This unfortunate man and his wife were ultimately reconciled to the Church by Dr. O'Kearney, the Catholic Archbishop of Cashel.

Dr. Comerford and James Archer, after their departure from Ireland, entered the Society of Jesus; the latter at Rome in 1581, the former at Madrid.¹ The erudite Franciscan, Father Brennan, says in his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, that Comerford "was one of the most eminent lecturers in Louvain. . . . Wishing to combine the religious with the literary life, he entered the Society of Jesus. He was afterwards sent to Spain, and he was there honourably employed for many years, and obtained unbounded applause in some of the most celebrated colleges of that kingdom." He was at Bayona de Galicia, in Spain, in the year 1589, at Lisbon the year after, when "he was by Cardinal Allen and divers others estates sent for from Rome to have the archbishoprick of Cashel."²

After the year 1590 Father Comerford disappears from our view; he is not named in the Catalogue of Irish Jesuits of 1609, and is supposed to have gone to receive the reward of his labours in the year 1599. Sketches of his career are given in Stanihurst's *Descriptio Hibernia*, Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Harris' Edition of *Ware's Irish Writers*, the *Collectanea* of Dr. Oliver and Brother Foley, S.J., Brennan's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, Meehan's *Memoirs of the Irish Hierarchy*, the *Ibernia Ignatiana*, and in the *National Biography*. He wrote: 1. Many learned tracts on philosophical and theological subjects. 2. Sermons. 3. *Carmina in laudem*

¹ Father Meehan's *Memoirs of the Irish Hierarchy*, p. 201.

² Cal. of State Papers, Ireland, March 14, 1589, Jan. 20, 1590.

Comitis Ormondia. 4. *An Answer to certaine Questions propounded by the Citizens of Waterford.*

Father Comerford was the first of a long line of distinguished Waterford Jesuits, and as he and his immediate relatives worked with all their might for the preservation of Catholicity in their native city, their efforts were crowned with success. The Lord Chancellor, "in his speech upon his granting a seizure of the Liberties of Waterforde," said, "The city of Waterforde hath performed many excellent and acceptable services to the Queen of England, insomuch that they deserved the *posie* of *Urbs intacta manet*. . . . But this citie which thus flourished, and the inhabitants and citizens thereof, whom I know to be equal, for all manner and breeding and sufficiencie, to any in the King's dominions, or in Europe; yet when they yielde their heart to foreign states¹ (which is the principal part of man), then they neglected their duty and fidelity,² so far forth; as being directed by Popish priests and Jesuits, that they could not within their whole corporation find one man³ to serve the King's majesty in the magistracy of Mayor, *for want* of conformity.⁴ . . . And so I pronounce that a seizure be awarded of all their liberties." This English document, from which I have given a few extracts, is in the Irish College of Salamanca, and has foot-notes appended to it, apparently by Father White, of which I also give a few instances.

¹ "He means the Pope, to whom Waterford men are said to have yielded their hearts, because they stick unto him, and yield him obedience in matters of faith and religion, to whom wholly they rely as to a true head visible of God's Church on earth, they must needs neglect their duty and fidelity here mentioned."

² "Which is nothing else but to become Protestant, take the blasphemous oath and follow the King's religion, acknowledging him head of the Church in his dominions; and this is the duty and fidelity which Waterford men neglect, and will neglect, God willing, for ever, but they cannot be accused by their adversaries of any want of duty or fidelity becoming a Christian subject."

³ "Not one Waterford man who may truly be so termed, that is, a man of any worth, birth, or ancient standing in the city, was, or is found conformable to the King's religion, and therefore not fit to serve him in the office of mayor."

⁴ "This is our glory and the greatest commendation we may have given us, and testified by our adversaries, that the cause of losing our liberties is want of conformity in religion to the King's majesty, who will admit none to bear public office but such as will take the oath, and go to church there, forsake God's Church and become of Satan's congregation—such as Waterford affordeth not."

Glencoonoge.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

WHEN Conn was told some hours later—the morning being advanced and the house all astir—that he was expected to lie where he was until the doctor came, he was extremely indignant, declared he was quite well, and that he was not going to be made a fool of any longer. Never was a man so unanimously overborne. Mrs. Ennis peremptorily ordered him to stay in bed, Dan advised him not to stir, and the book-keeper sent me to do what I could to induce him to be patient at least until the doctor came. Dr. O'Leary examined the wound, and having dressed it in silence, gave judgment to the effect that though the appearances were more favourable than before, danger of inflammation was not yet past. Perfect quiet was of the utmost importance; all excitement was to be avoided, and Conn must be content to remain within the four walls of his room for the next few days. In vain did he protest; the doctor only shrugged his shoulders, and said he would not be answerable for the consequences if his directions were not followed.

What a long, impatient morning it was! Conn fumed and fretted more and more every moment. Mrs. Ennis indeed came in once for a few minutes, but only scolded him for wanting to come downstairs. Dan looked in now and again between whiles; but he had his own and Conn's work to do, and arrears to make up; for the worst danger had passed, and the routine of the house must be resumed. Everybody was going about as usual—all but poor Conn, who, more eager, more hopeful, more intensely interested in his life than he had ever been before, was caged in his room and condemned to ruinous inactivity. Left alone for the most part, he paced restively up and down reflecting that the doctor did not know what he was about—that it was all nonsense; that he himself was an impostor to

1

remain confined, and that as long as he did so, there was no chance of his seeing the book-keeper. In fact, he was very far from being in that quiet, unexcited state of mind which the doctor said was so desirable. What made him worse was Dan's report that the book-keeper was going about very bright and happy, and singing softly to herself. "'Tis all along of your being better, Conn," said Dan, looking at his brother with fond eyes.

Whatever the reason, the book-keeper was a different creature that day; and she did not at all succeed in preserving the usual gravity of her demeanour. Her light-heartedness appeared in her face, in her buoyant carriage, in her irrepressible inclination to talk, so different from the silence and pre-occupation of yesterday.

"You have become a reader all of a sudden, Mr. Shipley," said she, as I ran up against her in leaving the coffee-room.

"Yes," I answered, "it is not a bad book. I don't know what I should have done yesterday but for it." We were walking towards the hall, and I held up the back of the book to her that she might read the name.

"*Ennui*? That is Miss Edgeworth's, is it not? I read it a long time ago, but I remember there were some things in it that I liked. One can have sympathy for the poor wholesome-minded people she describes, raised out of the squalor and misery of their surroundings by the purity of their minds and the goodness of their hearts: but as for the nobility and gentry, with their miserable ambitions, and their apings of English fashions and vices—faugh! The hero himself, isn't he an earl? He is better than most of his friends; but at the best he is a poor creature and his life a wretched one."

"Don't tell me the story!" I cried. "I haven't finished it. I'm afraid, Miss Johnson, you are a sad radical."

"I suppose," she went on, not heeding me, "the truth is, the number of those who can make a good use of great wealth is very small; and that, after all, it is a dispensation of Providence which makes most people in this world poor; because in that state temptations are fewer and the conditions of life more favourable to the perfecting of our natures, which has to be brought about somehow, at sometime or other, in this world or the next."

"Oh!" said I, puzzled. The book-keeper in her elation had got out of my depth.

"The pity of it is—it must be the work of Satan—when power and wealth and station gather everything to themselves, and so arrange and legislate and contrive, as that the many are deprived, not only of that modicum of comfort with which they would in most cases be content, but often even of the necessities of life."

"Really I must run away. You are a most dangerous person, Miss Johnson. You are worse than a radical. I believe you are not very far from being a socialist."

"What is that? Mr. Shipley, Mr. Shipley!" seeing that I was going, "have you been with Conn since luncheon?"

"Not since, but just before."

"So you told me. Won't you go up and sit with him now? It might make him less impatient."

"I daren't," I answered. "He has had more than enough of my company for the present. He told me plainly he'd rather be alone."

In fact Conn had made up his mind that as soon as the house was quiet, and Mrs. Ennis safely stowed away in her little parlour for her afternoon nap, he would defy the doctor's orders, and sally forth and see Miss Johnson, come of it what might. But his intention was of course a secret, and equally of course I said nothing of it to the book-keeper, who turned away resignedly and entered the bar; while I passed out of the inn, and strolling towards the bridge, leaned over its parapet immersed in my novel.

The book-keeper, I have said, passed into the bar, and thence presently into the office, or bar-parlour, the door of which stood ajar. She had hardly passed the threshold before she uttered a cry; for there, in the middle of the room, was standing the tall figure of Conn, with his bandaged head. At sight of her, an eager joyous light came into his face, a look of expectation satisfied. But the book-keeper turned pale, and her breathing came short and quick.

"Don't be frightened, miss," he said, in tremulous tones. "'Tis myself, and not a ghost. I couldn't bear to be without seeing you any longer."

"You are very rash," said the book-keeper, as soon as she had recovered breath. "I'm sure you will undo everything."

"Rash, miss!" said Conn, with unfeigned astonishment. "When was I rash?"

The book-keeper almost laughed at the question and at the

picture it called up of Conn flying over the counter and flinging himself into the fray, which had nearly ended seriously for him.

"Is there any pain?"

"No, miss," said Conn, lying bravely.

"Come nearer the light."

Conn approached. Ah! he was looking pale and ill. Those bandages! they covered marks he would carry to his grave. The book-keeper did not know what an expression of pained sympathy there was in her face as she looked up, or that her tears were gathering so fast. At sight of them Conn's heart leaped into his mouth; and with his arms suddenly extended wide, he drew back—another instant and they would have clasped her to his heart.

"Oh, miss!"—and as he spoke his arms dropped to his side—"I am so sorry to see you distressed. I am so sorry to know you have been troubled."

The book-keeper's eyes met his, and she turned away that he might not see her crying. It was easier to talk in a hard and steady tone of voice looking out of the window with her back turned to him.

"Why, Conn, any one would be uneasy in such a case; and I have more reason than others, because I was the cause. Believe me, I can never forget how brave you were, nor thank you enough."

"Oh, miss, don't talk of thanking me! You make me ashamed. So much fuss about a trifle! I wish to God I had been killed outright, so I do."

"Hush! Why?"

"Well," said Conn, turning away too, and walking to the fire-place, "it didn't happen, so there's no more use in talking. I don't see there's much to live for—any way, not for me."

The book-keeper was silent a moment and then said, "Why?"

"Don't ask me, miss; you wouldn't be glad to hear."

"Nevertheless I should like to know; so tell me."

"Not now. Another time—perhaps."

"But why not now?" said the book-keeper, facing round. He was not looking at her, but gloomily into the fire.

"Conn," she cried. He raised his head and turned it slowly towards her, "it must be now; not another time, but now."

"No, miss; no," said Conn, with a pleased smile and gentle deprecation in his tones.

"Why, no? Give me your reason."

"Well, because it would be like taking advantage—advantage of your kindness. What I would say would anger you, and yet to-day you wouldn't feel yourself free may be, to show it."

"Perhaps not. No, Conn, I can't be angry with you to-day. So we will put it off; but remember, when you are well I shall ask you again what you mean when you say you have nothing to live for. It is such a dreadful feeling for a man to have."

Some impulse hurried him on. "It's a poor return for all your kindness, miss, to say things unpleasing to you. But 'tis your own wish. Sure I told it you all before. But I'll tell you again, though I'd rather do anything than grieve you. What is there in the wide world for me that's worth the having but your own self? And why I say there's nothing for me to live for, is that I see plainly it isn't I, but some other man that you'll have for a husband. And why I say I'd rather have died in your defence is, that in place of a few cold passing words of thanks, I might have had for ever a kind place in your thoughts. So there, now you've asked my reason and I've given it."

The book-keeper stood silent still with her eyes cast down. She had drunk in every word, but her attitude was so motionless, there was so little expression in her face, that a doubt fell like an icy touch on Conn whether she had heard one word that he had said. Thus did they stand silent for a whole minute; till the book-keeper broke the spell by lifting her head and looking at him. Tears were still in her eyes and a brilliant light shone out of them for a brief instant on her lover, ere she withdrew them, and with a sigh dropped them to the ground again.

"Is it possible?" was the idea that flashed across Conn's mind. "My God! if I only thought she could care for me, it would be too much; I could not bear it." And yet the fellow hurried on: "You do not speak. Ah! if you only knew how I'm beside myself on account of you. I think of nothing else morning, noon, and night. I hardly know what I'm doing at all. What does it matter if you don't care for me now? How should you, when I done nothing to deserve it? But if once we were married and you'd see how hard I'd work for you, how eager I would be to guard and care for you, how my one thought from morning till night, day after day, would be to make you happy, sure then you might change your mind."

The book-keeper did not answer, and Conn, with surging hopes that almost choked him, said: "Say, at any rate, you are not vexed? Now, sooner than offend you I'd leave my home and country and never see my friends any more. And if I've said anything to hurt you, only say the word and with the greatest pleasure in life I'll just throw myself out of the window, or go and pitch myself into the sea beyond, and put an end to all my troubles."

"Ah, say if I have done wrong," he went on, finding the book-keeper did not answer him. "Say if I can never be forgiven for asking you to bind yourself to a poor countryman, who, for all he's poor, would faithfully love and defend you while there's breath left in his body," and in a pleading way he held out both his hands.

To his amazement the book-keeper with a swift impulse placed hers in his—small white hands they were lying in Conn's rough palms—and looking him full in the face, said earnestly: "Oh, Conn, what is it you propose? You say that you are poor. I know it well enough. But do you forget that I am as poor as you? more poor in fact, for you have father and brothers, while I have not a friend in the world, nor any means but what I have as book-keeper of this inn."

"But how!" exclaimed Conn, not sure whether he had heard her words aright—hardly able to believe his eyes and ears, "does not that make it more easy for us to marry?"

"What! when we are both so poor?"

"Together we would be better off than most of those about us!"

"But if Mrs. Ennis should refuse to keep us in her service? She is always giving out that she will have nothing to do with her servants when they get married."

"What then? There are a dozen ways. We could take a little farm—as soon as there'd be one to be had; or the inn in the village—when Feeney gives it up, which he must do shortly, for he's always drinking, and its going to rack and ruin. Or we could even wait! There are the mines in Wales, where wages are good. I'd leave you here, and go and work there gladly for a couple of years, if need be, till I had saved money. Oh, we can talk of all that hereafter. Sure I can wait patiently. Patiently! Gladly. There is nothing I can't do, if only I know all the time that you are willing to be my wife. Tell me, my darling, my colleen, tell me that you are."

His arm was round her waist, and he drew her close to him as he spoke, and stooping, kissed her lips.

"Oh, Conn," she said—the delighted lover could hardly catch her words, she had hidden her face upon his shoulder—"how stupid you are! and how foolish I am to be so fond of you!"

There never was a worse choice made than that of the bridge for a place to read in. The voice of the stream rushing under increased as the minutes passed; and what was at first little more than a purling, grew presently into a roar. It was impossible to fix my thoughts upon my book. I faced about and looked downward at the torrent to see if it were swollen; but then it dropped its voice and changed its fascination, and I could not draw away my eyes from the deep pools slowly eddying, from its frothy shallows, or its coursings around boulders, or its tumblings from ledge to ledge in its gradual descent. Not many yards away the brushwood that grows along the banks covers it up; but far back, high up the sloping ground, it glances out from time to time alluringly. "Follow me, come up the hill," it sparkles, "find out my source high up in the mountains; or stay where you are and watch me dancing, gliding, jumping; or hear me laugh and laugh with me; but I am a jealous companion, and in my presence you shall not read."

Shutting the book at last in despair, I turned back, intending to make for a quiet seat in one of the alcoves in the upland grounds behind the inn. Before I had taken many steps forward, I saw the book-keeper come out of the inn-door. She crossed the road and disappeared down the steps leading to the embankment. I had scarcely time to wonder whether Conn had carried out his resolution of breaking bounds, or whether his heart had failed him at the last moment, when my attention was distracted by signs of commotion in the neighbourhood of the stables. That surely was Father John whom old Matt Dwyer was addressing with so much gesture and excitement, to the intense interest of several lookers on, one of whom had stopped in the act of leading away the priest's horse. Father John, suddenly turning round, caught sight of me and beckoned with his stick; but he continued to listen to Matt Dwyer and to question him until I was near, when he turned and came towards me.

"What's this I heard," said he, "about a fight the day before yesterday? and Conn dying they tell me?"

"Dying! Not as bad as that. He got a nasty complicated cut in the forehead, and there were at first some fears of its becoming serious; but the danger I believe has passed, or nearly so."

"God bless me! This is a terrible business! Have the kindness to tell me all about it, if you please. 'Tis hard to get at the truth when people contradict each other."

So I told Father John as much as I knew about the tourists, and how they had made themselves generally offensive; of the insult to the book-keeper and of Conn's pluck, who deserved a better fate than to have got badly hurt himself, poor fellow.

"I'm glad for the credit of my parish," said Father Moriarty, "that the fault lay with the strangers and with none of my people. And Miss Johnson, what of her?"

"She is taking exercise yonder alone on the sea-wall. She can tell you more fully about the scrimmage and what led to it than I, for she saw it all."

"I'll go to her," said Father Moriarty. "I'll see you again by-and-bye."

I was passing the front of the inn on my way uphill when, hearing a tapping at one of the ground windows, I turned round and saw Conn eagerly motioning me to join him. He was holding the door open when I had made my way round to the bar parlour; and as soon as I had entered, he shut it behind me. Then,

"Oh, sir, give me joy."

"What! Do you mean to say——"

"I do indeed then, and I can hardly believe it myself. Am I awake at all? Will you kindly tell me if this is the bar parlour we're standing in? If it's three o'clock of a winter's afternoon? Whether Miss Johnson passed out across the road awhile ago? Whether that was Father John I saw just now gone after her? Do you understand, sir, what I say? Am I talking sensibly at all?"

"There's no question, I should think, but that you have all your wits about you."

"Then 'tis all true! And what I had given up hoping for has come to pass!"

"*What* has come to pass?" I asked, losing patience.

"Listen, sir"—and then he recounted the interview which he will surely bear in his memory for ever.

We were still talking when we heard voices and footsteps approaching, and presently the book-keeper entered, followed by Father John.

"Well, Conn Hoolahan," said Father Moriarty, shaking him warmly by the hand, "I've heard all about everything, and for once I find myself able to condone the breaking of a few heads. I'm sorry for your hurt, but am glad to hear how you have acted and," looking round at me, "and how you are going to act. I see Mr. Shipley knows all about it, so I may speak freely."

"Oh yes, sir," was Conn's reply, "there's nothing to conceal."

I immediately turned to congratulate the book-keeper and offer my best wishes that happiness, health, and prosperity might attend them both all their days.

"Come," said Father John, "don't lose time, for I must be going shortly. I came across, Conn, hearing you were so bad. But though that was a mistake, it seems I didn't come for nothing after all. Still I must be back again directly, so be seated all, I beg."

"Now," continued Father John, "as I understand, the position of affairs is this," turning alternately to Conn Hoolahan and the book-keeper, "you two young people want to become man and wife; and as a preliminary you'd like to find out how that will affect your present positions, and whether Mrs. Ennis will care to keep you in her service."

"Gad," interrupted Conn, "I've not given much thought to that part of the business."

"Then you're lucky to get a helpmate who looks farther ahead than you do."

"I'm lucky to get her, Father John, whether or no, that's certain," said Conn.

"Yes," continued Father Moriarty, "a thought for the future is a very necessary thing. Not that I should recommend young people to concern themselves too much about the future, nor to hesitate to marry if they suit each other because their way is not mapped out clearly and securely as far as they can see. There are worse things than poverty. I had rather see a boy and girl honestly married and struggling bravely with difficulties, than see the purity of the one or the other ultimately lost,

because through an over-regard for what materialists call prudence, they have refrained from entering the married state. Remember that, sir," said the priest turning round upon me, "the next time you hear people talk disparagingly, or speak so yourself, regarding the encouragement I and my order give to young people to marry young. However," said Father Moriarty, suddenly pulling himself up, "there's no call now for a sermon. I quite agree with you," turning to the book-keeper, "that Mrs. Ennis should be told at once, so that you may know how you stand."

"She'll never consent, Father," said Conn. "I mind what she said when William was going to be married, 'I can manage a man,' she said, 'but a man and his wife is too much for me.'"

"Just so," said Father Moriarty. "If I remember right, William was your predecessor, Conn?"

"He was, sir; it was a good thing for me the day he went."

"So some one else will say about you if he gets into your shoes."

"So he may, whoever he is, and welcome. But sure your Reverence, won't you plead our cause with Mrs. Ennis?"

"You'd better do it yourselves."

"Och! Murder! How should I ever tell her? No, Father John, we'll leave all that to you."

"Miss Johnson has also asked me the same favour," said Father John, "but I hesitate; I hesitate. Mrs. Ennis is not of my flock, d'ye see, and I have no claim to influence her. Indeed my advocacy might perhaps damage your cause. But I have an idea that Mr. Shipley might win where I would fail. Eh! what do you say, Mr. Shipley!"

"What! I?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," cried Conn. "Mrs. Ennis is very pleased to think how constant you are to this place. She says she thinks you look upon it as a home. She herself looks on the inn as if it was a child (and sure 'tis her own making entirely), so there's a bond in common like between you anyhow."

"I'd rather any one told her than I," said the book-keeper, in answer to an inquiring look from me.

"But do you think that in such a matter what I might say would have the slightest weight with Mrs. Ennis?"

"Think, is it?" said Conn emphatically. "Why every evening it is, 'Has Mr. Shipley's fire been lighted in his room?' or 'Has

Mr. Shipley come in yet? Hurry on then with the dinner, for he must be nearly famished after being out all day.' Sure haven't you noticed yourself how pleased she is that you should go round the garden with her and admire her flowers. Oh, then! she thinks a great deal of what you say."

"Very well; if you are willing to run the risk, I will go——"

"Success to you!" said Father Moriarty, rising with a slight shade of disappointment in his face and tone.

"But Father Moriarty must come with me; that's the condition of my going, and I won't go otherwise."

"Come along then," said Father Moriarty, cutting short further argument (I don't think he would have been at all pleased to have had no hand in the arrangement of this matter), "let us waste no more time in talking, but let us go."

"First of all," said I, "I should like to know exactly how we're going to put the case."

"Ha, ha!" cried Father Moriarty, triumphantly, "that's the calculating Saxon all over. Believe me, my friend, in this kind of thing 'tis best to throw forethought to the winds, and let yourself be carried away by the happy inspiration of the moment. I trust to it always, and I never found it fail me yet."

"I wish," said I, "that my sudden inspirations had ever given me any reason to trust to them."

But Father Moriarty would not consent to map out the interview beforehand. So we went straightway towards Mrs. Ennis' parlour together.

Mrs. Ennis was dozing in her capacious chair, and we had to knock several times at her door, each time with increasing loudness, before we were told to come in. She was very much pleased to see us, however, and rang the bell for more cups, saying we must have tea with her, and that it only wanted making; indeed the brown tea-pot stood ready, and the kettle sent out a faint line of steam from its spout, and sang wearily, as if it had been boiling till it was tired waiting for its sleepy mistress. While the cups were coming, Father Moriarty kept up the conversation, and when they came I hastened to propitiate the old lady by pouring her out a cup of good strong tea well sugared, taking particular care not to ruffle her by forgetting to put the cream in *first*.

"You make an excellent cup of tea, Mr. Shipley," said she,

laying down her cup and saucer, "and I must trouble you for another, as like that as you can."

"It's a very strange thing," said I, "(Father Moriarty you will take another cup?) that I always was a good hand at making tea. I don't know how it is, I do it quite unconsciously. I suppose it must be a natural gift."

"Do you tell me so!" cried Father Moriarty, with an appearance of great interest and astonishment. "Then I wish you'd come and live with me and make my tea for me; for 'tis a drink I'm very fond of, and I can't find a soul that knows how to make it properly. But seriously, Mr. Shipley, I'm thinking that same may be a bad sign for you. As you are so independent of the highest attraction a wife can offer, may be you were born to live and die a bachelor."

"Oh, you're too cruel, Mr. Moriarty," cried Mrs. Ennis. "Poor Mr. Shipley! what will he do when he gets old, without a wife to look after him or any one to care about him? I tell him he ought to go in for one of the Castle girls—fine, handsome girls they are, and some money, I suppose; and they'll soon be quite old enough to be married."

"He's got something on his hands in the shape of matrimony nearer home, I suspect," said Father Moriarty, winking at me and urging me forward with a motion of his head.

"Hey! what!—what's this?" cried Mrs. Ennis, raising herself in her chair and turning round full upon me.

"Don't raise your expectations on my account, Mrs. Ennis," I returned. "I have indeed a matrimonial affair on hand, but not one in which I am a principal. Indeed, for that matter, it affects you, Mrs. Ennis, more than it does me."

"Affects me!" cried Mrs. Ennis. For just an instant a shade of perplexity passed across her face, but in atwinkling disappeared, and gave place to a collectedness of feature and of tone as she answered quietly: "Is it Conn?"

"Yes."

"And Miss Johnson?"

"Yes."

"So they've made up their minds at last! I never in my life saw two people so long about it."

Father John and I looked at each other amazed, and then burst out laughing.

"We needn't have hedged about so much to break the news," said Father John.

"The news! is it teach a woman of my age to suck eggs? Haven't I seen it coming this time back. And they have sent the both of you to tell me? Well to be sure! Why didn't they come and tell me themselves?"

"They're afraid of you, Mrs. Ennis, that's the truth," said Father John, "and more shame to them for it! They won't be persuaded that it doesn't mean a sentence of banishment to both of them, or that they won't have to seek their livelihood otherwise than in their present situations."

"How could they think so?" said the kind old lady. "They should have come themselves and told me all about it."

"Conn has on his mind the example of William, who had to go when he married."

"William was only a bird of passage, and he married an outsider. But Conn was born in this village, has lived here all his life, and in fact he's like a son of the house. As for Miss Johnson, I don't know at all how I could get on without her. I'm getting old, sir," shaking her head at Father Moriarty. "I can't run up and down stairs and look after everything as I used to once; and it's a great comfort to have some one I can trust to see to things. No, sir, I've not a word to say against their marrying. Perhaps it will bind them all the closer to the house and to me; and I'm so well satisfied with both of them that I would be sorry now to part with either."

"Your decision on this point, ma'am, is on a par with that fine judgment you have displayed through life, and which has made your position what it is."

"Not," continued the wary old lady, "that I would have them think I'm pleased. In what I've said to yez both, I've spoken in the purest confidence, and may be now you'd be kind enough to send the young people to me. I'll warn them of the dangers and trials of the course they're entering on. Sure, I know well enough they won't pay the smallest attention to what I say; but at any rate they won't be able to turn round on me afterwards, and say that I buoyed them up with false expectations."

We found Conn and the book-keeper where we had left them.

"Mrs. Ennis wishes to see you directly—both of you," said Father Moriarty, with a seriousness in his look which boded failure.

Conn glanced from Father John to me. "Oh, sir," he said,

laughing, "I'm not to be taken in. I see by Mr. Shipley's face 'tis all right."

"What did she say?" inquired the book-keeper.

"Go and hear it from her own lips. The ice is broken: the rest remains with yourselves. I must leave you all now; so good-bye and good luck."

We watched them down the passage and saw them disappear into Mrs. Ennis's room. Then we left the inn and walked slowly towards the stables.

"There's an end," said Father John, after some moments' silence, "to many doubts, hesitations, and scruples, that I have at last succeeded in smoothing away. Some people find it so hard to make up their minds, though the path of duty lies straight before them. I don't think our friend yonder will regret what she is doing. She is getting the finest and bravest young man for a husband that is to be found in either of my two parishes. So far so good. I wonder where that boy is I gave my horse to?"

CHAPTER XII.

NEXT SUNDAY.

THOUGH I can hardly call myself a stranger in Glencoonoge, yet the Sunday in that remote region continues to strike upon me freshly, so unlike is it to what I am accustomed in Liverpool. All through the week quiet broods over mountain and valley; you may ramble for many hours in almost unbroken solitude. But once a week, about mid-day, the hills are alive with cheerful bustle. There are not many signs of human habitations; but wherever the people come from, they trickle like mountain springs adown the hill-sides to swell the throng that pours along the roads making for the chapel in the glen. Like rushing waters, too, the crowd sparkles with a pleasant excitement. Difficulties, sadness, and penury, are for the nonce forgotten. Whatever there may be of brightness or of comfort shows itself to-day. The farmer is on horseback with his wife, his daughter, or his sister behind him holding on to his coat, or more timidly with both hands clasping his sides, or sitting in easy security with no support. The labourer has on his clean shirt and his waistcoat with linen sleeves. The countrywoman is magnificent in her hereditary cloak, under which she carries

the good stockings knitted by her own two hands, and the stout pair of boots that have lasted her for many a long year; in which, glory be to God! when close to the chapel she will encase her graceful feet in honour of the place she's going to; little suspecting and little caring how brightly her feet glance in their bareness as she walks, and not knowing how much she is indebted for her own and her children's shapely limbs and graceful carriage to the custom of her class of going unshod.

Every road near Glencoonoge chapel has its traditional spot where you may see the women bathing their feet at some stream, and putting on their shoes and stockings. Then they continue on their way and with but few greetings enter the chapel at once, or pass into the churchyard behind to visit the graves of their kindred. At Glencoonoge it is not the custom for women to gossip outside the chapel before Mass. I forget who told me and only remember that the information was conveyed in a portentous manner and with bated breath, that Father John does not at all approve of the habit the men persist in of loitering about outside and talking together while waiting for his arrival. But all his lecturing does not break them of the habit; or perhaps, thinking the practice a harmless one, he does not insist on being obeyed to the letter in this respect. At any rate, here they are this blessed Sunday morning, filling as they arrive the three-cornered green in front of the tumble-down chapel. Soon Father John will be seen small in the dim perspective of the long road, over which the meeting branches of the trees on either side form an archway. So far off is he when first descried and so diminished, that guesses are rife, and there are bets not a few as to whether he rides or drives. For much hangs on this, apart from the fact itself, which is important too. If he is on horseback, it is certain he came over the mountain; and if he is on his car—why that shows he came by the road, d'ye see? And when the priest is near enough to leave no room for doubts or further contradiction, and all may see as plain as daylight that it is on horseback he is ("and see the poor baste how he hangs his head and walks wearily, scarcely able to drag his legs along because of the weight that's on him; and his riverence is getting a great size to be sure, long life to him!") or that Father John has done the journey on his jaunting-car, which he drives himself, weighing it down in a lop-sided manner,

then it will be quite time enough to begin to troop into the chapel. But until then most of Father John's male parishioners will sit or lounge, or lean, or stand about in groups in every variety of picturesque attitude, discussing their affairs or commenting on what is passing before their eyes—the turn-out that has just driven up from the inn, amongst other things, and the alacrity with which Conn Hoolahan, jumping from the driver's seat, assists the book-keeper to alight.

Many a time that morning I wished I was an artist. I would have liked to have sketched the front gable of the chapel with rich berry-ivy hanging half-way down over its face and creeping abundantly along the roof; and the wood in which the chapel sits, in the shadow of which loom the wings of the T-shaped building like a cross without a top; and the low semi-circular wall of loose moss-covered stones shutting off the precincts of the woody churchyard from the green. Within the wall, on ground as high as itself, horses here and there tethered to the trees were browsing among the grave-mounds; in dangerous proximity to their hoofs, but trustfully indifferent to the danger, was lying more than one devotee tired with his walk, who had thrown himself at random on the ground to rest luxuriously at full length.

I should have liked to have been able to put down in black and white those talking lounging groups I have spoken of, and the new arrivals on cars and horseback, and the bestowing away of cars and horses, and the fresh flocking in of new-comers on foot, and the schoolmaster at the chapel door rattling the pence in his wooden box as people entered, crying out: "For the new church! remember the new church!" and old Murt O'Brien's cart of new blankets and clothes in the middle of the green; blankets and clothes which nobody is ever seen to buy, which nobody thinks it at all strange should be exposed for sale in that fashion, and which Murt O'Brien himself will desert presently when Mass begins, as if the possibility of any one's walking away with his goods while he is in chapel is a thing altogether too far-fetched and unreal for even an Irishman's imagination to entertain for one single instant of time.

I would have found subjects in the churchyard too—that curious churchyard, which is sometimes in the wood and sometimes in the open. It begins to descend immediately behind the chapel, sloping to where the river, suddenly becoming deep, no longer rushes boisterously over rocks and stones, but glides

reverently by. Between the trees were men and women kneeling at the graves or moving about; and here and there red cloaks flashing between the trunks. Some were decking their mounds with flowers brought from home or gathered by the wayside; others kneeling, with silent tears that glistened as they fell in the sunlight, renewed their remembrance of the departed. And in the middle of it all, the word goes round that Mass is going to begin; for burly Father John has come, and tossing the reins to some one near at hand, has entered the chapel hurriedly, closed round upon and borne in by those who have watched his nearing approach.

What is the mysterious influence which pervades the tumble-down chapel filled with rustic worshippers? It is not the effect of magnificence or of antiquity. The structure is but seven or eight decades old and is half-ruinous. The rafters just uphold the roof; the ivy from outside has forced its way in between the slates and hangs down in many places a yard or more, or creeps along the white-washed walls. The "stations" are small, cheap, and discoloured with damp; the altar platform is rickety, and the altar-linen and furniture of the plainest. Yet services in cathedrals built of marble and decorated with masterpieces of art are not often so thrilling as that which now begins, as Father John, having vested himself behind the altar, comes forward, and kneeling at the foot, repeats in Irish and with the high sad cadence of the voice peculiar to these parts, the avowals, familiar yet ever powerful with his hearers, of belief in the Almighty and His revelation, of hope in the life to come, and of love of God and the neighbour. The high trees without darken the church. The early winter wind whistles among their branches and moans along the roof, joining its wail to the sad tones within rising from the foot of the altar, speaking to Heaven through the medium of those same Irish sounds the fathers of these people were wont to utter, and *their* fathers before them back, far back through receding generations to pre-Christian times; times so old that their life and colour cannot be called up with any certainty, days quite lost in the awful mists of time.

The priest now rising up, in a newer tongue begins the Latin Mass, offering from this corner of the world that Sacrifice which—as ancient prophecy foretold—is every day being celebrated somewhere on the earth from the rising to the setting of the sun. There was no music to elevate the

thoughts; no incense symbolized the rising up of prayer but the awful hush upon all present, the silence that made their breathing audible, spoke of a knowledge of what was happening there before them at the altar, and witnessed to the people's vivid faith. Is it—it must be the unseen spirit of faith which fills this primitive country church with a spell which even strangers feel, making some run cold and others weep, because of a subtle overpowering sense of some undefined Presence. The bell rings—the moment of consecration is at hand; there is a noisy movement as all go on their knees, and then a deeper stillness. The bell rings again. The priest according to the order of Melchisedech has spoken: the Word is made Flesh; the priest bends his knee in adoration, and rising, lifts aloft in his hands the Host for the worship of the people, from whom swells out of the silence a subdued, inarticulate murmur of welcome, dying away almost at once. Does any purer, more child-like homage rise to Heaven every Sunday in the year than that which goes warm from the hearts of this peasantry?

But Father John has no idea of spoiling the fresh piety of his people by reminding them of their virtues. To-day, towards the end of the Mass, when only the final prayers remained to be said, he put off his chasuble according to his wont, and turning round to address his parishioners, informed them first at what farmhouse he would hold a station during the ensuing week, and then proceeded to bring certain charges against some of the members of his flock. Passing last week, he said, where he was not expected, near some men belonging to his parish while they were at work, he heard more than one of them utter language they would not have used had they known he was close by. He was sorry to say he was led to believe from this that there was more cursing and swearing among them than came to his knowledge. But they should bear in mind what they knew very well, that though he wasn't by on all occasions to take them to task, their words nevertheless were not unheard nor unremembered. It might be Protestants who heard them, and who thought poorly of their religion in consequence. He would not, indeed, have them pay too much heed to the opinions of Protestants in all things. It was often necessary for them to pay no regard to that opinion; but that was when they were doing what was right, not when they were doing wrong. Nevertheless, they should not avoid what was wrong

only because it shocked Protestant opinion—that would be a very poor and cowardly motive. But they must remember there were others who heard them. Every bad word that came out of a man's mouth was heard by his guardian angel, who would be made sorrowful, and by God Himself whom they were offending, and whom it was dangerous to mock.

Here Father John made a long pause, during which his words sank into the hearts of his hearers, who waited breathlessly and with much interest for what might come next.

"Also I have to complain," continued Father John, "that there are several persons who have not been to Mass now for some Sundays. And they have no excuse—or insufficient ones. They say their clothes are not good enough. Well, if a man's clothes or a woman's clothes are in such a state as to be an admiration, let them by all means stop at home. But neither man nor woman has any excuse at all if they stay away only because their clothes are not as good as somebody else's. Also I wish to say that if it's true, as I'm told, that certain young men whom I see before me, but who were not at Mass last Sunday, were absent because they were some miles off looking for sea-gull's eggs—if that's true, all I can say is, that those young men have a great deal to answer for. They cannot plead ignorance. They have been taught from their childhood of the obligation that is on them to hear Mass on Sundays under pain of mortal sin. And that being so, how would it have been with any one of them, let me ask, if in those dangerous places his foot had slipped or he had lost his hold; or the rope by which he had been let down from the cliff had broken? How if he had been precipitated those thousands of feet and found his grave in the seething waters below with a mortal sin upon his soul? Have they forgotten that such a thing has happened, and at that very spot? There are those alive among you who remember Connor O'Rourke, who met such a fate when he was so employed during Mass-time on a Sunday morning. And let those who are too young to recollect it, let them, I say, listen to the warnings of their elders who can tell them that terrible story. Let them not be rash; nor slow to believe because it did not happen to themselves. 'Tis a kind of experience, I should think, that no one but a fool would care to run risk of encountering in his own person."

Father John then proceeded to read out the Epistle and

Gospel of the day, which he followed up with a short sermon, more formal in character than his previous remarks. I was disappointed, having more than half expected that the bans of marriage between Conn Hoolahan and Miss Johnson would have been proclaimed; but this practice, as I learned afterwards, is as yet unknown in these parts where, until comparatively a recent date, the keeping of so much even as a marriage register was not customary. For the matter of that, any such announcement by Father Moriarty would have been altogether superfluous. Conn's softness for the book-keeper had been an open secret and a standing joke against him for a considerable time back—being generally regarded as a piece of hopeless folly on his part; and his success and the circumstances attending it were items of news far too surprising not to have travelled fast. Even those who lived farthest off had heard everything, with additions, that morning before Mass; and Conn had had to run the gauntlet of congratulations, questionings, and *badinage*, while he was stowing away the car and tethering the horse, in which operations he had had no lack of assistance. I was a witness to the renewal of his ordeal presently as the worshippers were pouring out of the chapel. Conn, as he emerged, was mobbed with outstretched hands. "Long life to ye, Conn," "Good luck to ye." "So 'tis come to you at last like the rest of us; bedad 'twas high time"—were some of the greetings from amongst a host of others less intelligible, as his friends shook hands with Conn, wishing him happiness. By-and-bye the book-keeper came out. She had delayed so long that many of the people had started homewards, and Conn had had time to put the horse in the car, on which Tessie Kearney and Mary Maloney had already taken their seats. Miss Johnson's appearance did not give rise to anything like the boisterous cordiality which had greeted Conn; but it was respect for the most part, and not dislike, that made conversation less exuberant at her approach. Some of the men touched their hats, and one or two countrywomen drew near and gave her good wishes. The book-keeper shook hands as she thanked them and looked wistfully at others standing near, silent and motionless, as if she would fain have had their congratulations also. But the greetings were few, and with a resigned air she turned away and went towards the car where Conn was waiting to help her to mount, with a proud smile on his face which made her forget that others were cold. In a twinkling Conn had sprung

up into the driver's seat, and the car was rolling away towards the inn.

I was not the only onlooker that took no part in this little scene. Near me were two women, one of whom, as soon as the car was out of earshot, became openly critical.

"Sure what did he want with marrying a stranger with her fine lady airs, a woman coming from England of all places in the world, about whom no one knows anything. Faith, then, he's trim enough, and she'll make a dandy of him. But I'd sooner see a country-boy like him choose a wife from among his own people. He's a dacent young man, and might have the pick of the country. If it had been one of my girls he was going to mate with, do you think she would have been sitting apart from him in chapel this day?"

"Ah, no! d'ye tell me the young woman did that?" cried her neighbour.

"She did every inch of it. I saw her myself with my own eyes sitting in the gallery all alone by herself, with a fall covering up her face. 'That's the bride,' whispers Mrs. O'Mulligan to me, 'that's the bride,' says she. 'Where,' says I. 'Fornint ye,' says she. But ne'er a bit of her face could I see at all at all, what with the fall covering it up, and what with her cowering up in the corner belike. A fine young man, too, as ever I seen, to be ashamed of! Look at the height and the breadth on him, and as straight! He'd better have married some one who'd have owned and stood by him. There's the last of them! Come away home. He's made his bed; he must lie on it, I suppose."

Meanwhile, Conn, quite happy and supremely satisfied with his lot, urged the little horse into a brisk trot that caused people in front to look back and to start apart to make way for the car, saluting it with many a wave of the hand and cheery cry, to which Conn was not slow in responding. The approaching end of his wooing and topics springing out of it formed as often as not the subjects of conversation among the people as they toiled along the roads or climbed the hill paths leading to their homes, or dropped in at a friend's to rest and drink a cup of buttermilk.

At the inn, too, the events of the morning had to be rehearsed for the benefit of Mrs. Ennis, who was eager to hear what had been said by everybody.

"Asked whether there was to be a ball at 'The Harp' did they? Aye, that there shall," said the old lady emphatically.

"Don't say no," holding up her hand to stop the objection which it was evident from the expression of her face the book-keeper was about to make, "I say there shall be. It'll be the first since my own wedding, and that's nigh on twenty years ago. We'll have up the carpet in the coffee-room. The coffee-room will hold most people. We'll have a tea first, and then a dance."

"'Twill be too grand entirely," broke in Conn, turning with something of uneasiness to the book-keeper, whose face relaxed at his seriousness, and broke at last into the rare smile that was very agreeable and showed how perfect her teeth were.

"Leave it to me both of yez," cried Mrs. Ennis, "the entertainment's my part of the affair."

Reviews.

I.—THE POPE AND THE NEW ERA.¹

IT is not easy to do justice in the space of a short review to a book so thoughtful and so important as Mr. Stead's *The Pope and the New Era*. No one can read it without recognizing the great ability and perfect sincerity of the writer, and the kindly feelings and desire to be appreciative with which he regards the Catholic Church and its Supreme Head. There is a great deal that we thoroughly agree with in what Mr. Stead says even about the Papacy. He is a friendly and useful critic. He is most tolerant even of points where he might naturally be expected to be intolerant, and he has every wish to see things from a Catholic point of view, and to place himself in sympathy with the institution he is studying, describing, and judging.

Yet we cannot help regarding his attempt as a failure, and after a careful perusal we will venture very briefly to give our reasons, though we are not sure that we can put our opinion of his book in a way that will seem reasonable to him.

In the first place, it is just because he approaches the Church, and the Head of the Church, as a judge, as a critic, as a patronizing friend, that he excludes himself from the power of really appreciating what he heartily desires to appreciate. When an outsider comes near the Catholic Church, he has to choose between two methods of approach. One is the attitude of superiority, the eclectic spirit, the conviction that there is much to approve, but at the same time much to condemn; the point of view which looks upon the Church *de haut en bas*, the consideration of it as possibly a useful contributor to some other scheme or ideal of his own which he hopes it may be found able to chime in with and promote. The other is the attitude of what I should call provisional inferiority, the half-formed conviction that *perhaps* there is in the Church an

¹ *The Pope and the New Era*. Being Letters from the Vatican in 1889. By William T. Stead. London: Cassell and Co. Limited, 1890.

authority in which there is everything to admire, nothing to condemn, the point of view which looks up and around to see whether it may be that she has a Divine and an exclusive mission to teach mankind, the consideration of her as *perhaps* combining in herself all that is of real and solid importance in every outside scheme or every other attempted ideal. Two men adopting these opposite attitudes both keep their eyes wide open, and turn them critically on all they see. But the first criticizes in order that he may as supreme judge approve and condemn according to a preconceived hypothesis which he has no intention of relinquishing. The second criticizes in order that he may under God's guidance learn whether any preconceived hypothesis which he has formed respecting her is correct, or whether it may be that she has claims upon him which he has not yet recognized. Both men, again, will see hanging around the Vatican, and even penetrating its courts, much that they cannot admire—human motives, human aims, human ignorance, human weakness, human frailties without number. But the former of the two, undiscerning between the essential and the accidental, the perfect ideal and its imperfect realization in individuals, will pass a mixed verdict on the system, because he cannot discern between the two elements in the combined resultant of the perfect system and the imperfection of the individuals who work it. The latter, with keener eye and a vision purified by Divine light, will see the ideal shining forth clearly under the concrete fabric in which the faults and failings of individuals are so strangely mingled with the Jerusalem which is from above dwelling in the midst of men. Or to put the matter in a word. The one simply looks at the Papacy as a purely human institution, and judges it accordingly; the latter at least asks himself, Can it be divine? and judges it provisionally, and as one would judge of that which he may find has claims upon him which would make it impertinent and disloyal, not to say sacrilegious, to judge it at all.

We do not suppose that Mr. Stead will disagree with us when we say that he takes up the former standpoint. In fact he says as much:

People persist in imagining the Church of Rome to be either an entirely Divine institution, or one entirely diabolic. In reality, it is intensely human, full of inconsistencies, paradoxes, and seeming contradictions. (p. 214.)

Hence Mr. Stead is not to reconcile himself to the Papacy, but the Papacy must reconcile itself to Mr. Stead's ideas if it is to be henceforward the light of the nations.

The real hope of the Church lies in the new world of English speakers, who are bringing into the fold the beliefs and aspirations of our democratic, self-governing, self-reliant race. . . . The successor of St. Peter will never attain the headship of the modern world unless he reconciles himself with the democratic spirit now supreme through all English-speaking lands. (pp. 218, 219.)

Nor are we left in any doubt as to the changes necessary in the Papacy if it is to adopt itself to Mr. Stead's preconceived hypotheses. If the Church is to exercise her beneficent dominion on the new and the coming world she must Anglicanize and Americanize the Papacy. She must lead the Socialist movement, and she must recognize the rights of women. These are Mr. Stead's conditions of approval. The real secret of Mr. Stead's mistake may be very briefly stated. He is a man full of benevolent zeal, and hungers for some means of healing the terrible evils of humanity. But he regards everything from a natural, not from a supernatural point of view; it is civilization, not Christianity, which is really his first interest. He sees that the Papacy is the only world-wide power that can organize a real reformation of mankind, and being an earnest reformer, he wants to enlist the Papacy in his service, and is angry with it because it cries out with its Divine Master, "My Kingdom is not of this world." He wants to imbue the Vicar of Christ with the spirit of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is to be the auxiliary of "modern progress," the Divine leader of mankind, but always under Mr. Stead's guidance, and when he finds that the Papacy will not be thus guided, he becomes impatient at its refusal to conform to modern ideas, or as he himself states it, he has a "sorrowful sense of the lamentable chasm which yawns between the Church and the realities of modern life." (p. 250.)

So we cannot wonder that Mr. Stead, approaching the Catholic Church in such a spirit as this, is "filled with no sense of her supernatural wisdom or her superhuman weight." No one can read *The Pope and the New Era* without a very clear conviction that with a sincere desire to sympathize with the Church, there are few men on the face of the earth so remote from any real sympathy with her objects, her aim, or her true character.

2.—THE SPANISH INQUISITION.¹

We have here, in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, a calm and dispassionate account of the nature of this much abused institution, a complete refutation of some of the monstrous calumnies that have been so universally circulated with regard to it, and, what to Catholics is most important of all, a short but sufficient proof that the Inquisition was a State institution from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, and that "the Popes and bishops have been fighting against it during the whole time of its existence." A Catholic, in writing on this subject, finds a double duty imposed upon him, namely, to clear away the mass of falsehood with which the subject has become surrounded, and then to show the real relations which held between the Church and the Inquisition. The two objects should be most carefully distinguished by any one who wishes to give a clear account of the matter. Here is an account of Llorente, the author of the *Critical History of the Spanish Inquisition*, which a certain class of writers have universally followed.

Llorente was Secretary of the Inquisition from 1789 to 1791, and again connected with it for a short time in 1793. He tells us that from 1808 to 1811 the archives of the Inquisition were placed at his disposal, that he copied such papers as had a historical value, *and then burned them*. These documentary extracts give the work its real value; they are its best refutation. . . . He was a man without principle, he tells us that, as early as 1784, he had lost all faith, yet he continued for years his priestly functions. In 1795 a Liberal, and arrested for plotting the overthrow of the Church and kingdom, we find him, in 1805, in the pay of absolute tyranny, writing a book against the constitutional liberties (the *fueros*) of the Basque Provinces; in 1808, a traitor to his King and nation, he becomes a servant of Joseph Bonaparte, . . . he is at the head of the commission for confiscating the churches, convents, and property of religious orders, and he loses this place only when accused of stealing and embezzling 11,000,000 reals.

As a historian

He asserts that St. Paul the Apostle was a married man; that St. Justin wrote before the time of St. Ignatius the Martyr; that the heathen Apollonius of Tyana was a heretic; he believes in Pope Joan. . . . He does not know that the Court of Arcos and the Marquis-Duke of Cadiz, the greatest hero in the conquest of Granada, was one and the same personage, Ponce de Leon.

¹ *The Spanish Inquisition*. By Right Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

And again, "Bavaria and Russia, according to him, became Protestant in the sixteenth century." The immense faculties for making misstatements possessed by this distinguished writer of fiction, overtopped the sublime and penetrated into the ridiculous.

This is the author who, if we rightly remember, is quoted as the principal authority on this subject, in such works as the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. But there is a crowd of believers in the stories about the Inquisition who will not willingly let them die, and who consequently accept even such an authority with thankful hearts.

Further on are the names of some amongst many of the historians who give ample information concerning the Inquisition: Mariana, Ferreres, Zarita, Blancas, Pulgar, Peter Martyr, Bernaldez, Marineo Siculo, with many authentic public documents. Amongst moderns: Hefele's *Cardinal Ximenes*. And again, "Reus' Collection of Instructions and Documents concerning the Spanish Inquisition," published in Germany by Spitter and Reus.

The account of the Jews in Spain is very interesting. They had great power and influence, were "ministers of finance and favourites of kings; they had their own judges and were judged by their own laws; they could be arrested and imprisoned only by an express mandate of the King; they were a nation within a nation." But they hardly seemed to have deserved these astonishing privileges. They sided with the Moors in the Moorish wars, and were generally a turbulent and troublesome element in the nation, injurious to its peace if they assisted its prosperity. A curious fact is that they practised proselytism to a very great extent. There were many thousands of Christian Jews (Maranos). They insinuated themselves into the highest offices of the State, even of the Church, and endeavoured to make Spain a Jewish kingdom. Thus Peter Aranda, Bishop of Calahorra, at the time when the Inquisition was instituted, was proved to be secretly a Jew. It was *against* these Maranos that the Inquisition was started. "No Jew, and afterwards no Mahometan, was amenable to the Spanish Inquisition for being a Jew or a Mahometan; only apostasy from the embraced or professed Christian religion was punishable," and this, as we have seen, for strong State reasons.

The Inquisition exercised a more extended jurisdiction than is generally supposed. It included all crimes committed by its

own officials and servants and by bad priests, and certain crimes against morality, to which the Moors were especially addicted, witchcraft and sorcery (which seem to have generally implied poisoning), even forgery and coining, and a large number of other crimes. The number of heretics burned for heresy or apostasy was very small, excepting of course the Maranos. The total number of victims claimed for the fires of the Inquisition by Llorente is thirty thousand. The same number were executed in England and Scotland during a shorter period, *for witchcraft alone*, and this amongst a population only one-third that of Spain and her colonies. Llorente wrote at guess and has been convicted of outrageous exaggeration. But we cannot insist on this point lest we should be suspected of approving or the Inquisition, *in toto*, which we do not. It was the principle instrument of absolutism, and with absolutism it died. There is a long quotation to this effect from the Protestant historian Ranke, ending thus, "In its conception and aim it is primarily a political institution. The Pope has an interest to oppose it; he does so as often as he can; the King has an interest always to support it."

In short, in the words of the Right Rev. author, "It crushed the constitutional liberties of the nation. It fastened the galling yoke of absolutism round the neck of the people that loved and enjoyed the greatest amount of constitutional liberty in the middle ages. . . . I am forced to attribute the political decadence of Spain to the loss of its constitutional liberties."

3.—THE BOOK OF JEREMIAS.¹

This commentary on Jeremias has now been before the public for the greater part of a year, and we trust is already on the shelves of such Catholics as are interested in the study of Holy Scripture. Nevertheless, the excellence of the book demands of us that, although somewhat late in the day, we should bring it formally under the notice of our readers.

Father Knabenbauer pays considerable attention in the present volume to the matter of textual criticism. This is necessitated by the well-known and perplexing variation in so many places between the readings of the Masoretic and

¹ *Cursus Scripture Sacre.* Commentarius in Jeremiam Prophetam. Auctore Josepho Knabenbauer, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux, 1889.

those of the Alexandrian (Greek) text. There is no external evidence to explain the phenomenon, and the commentator is thrown back upon internal indications. From this point of view Father Knabenbauer discusses each case of discrepancy, as it seems, in a series of small-print notes. The general conclusion at which he arrives is in favour of the Masoretic text, which he considers to be on the whole more correct; but he gives the preference to the Alexandrian not unfrequently. In any case he agrees with most modern commentators in the belief that the variation of the Greek from the Masoretic is, in its substance, not due to the Greek translator, whose disposition is not to take liberties with his copy but to render it with extreme servility. We must, therefore, infer the existence of two distinct recensions of the Hebrew text, and another problem emerges as to the proper explanation of their origin and interrelation. This Father Knabenbauer does not attempt to solve. He prefers to take warning from the fate of those who have hitherto tried with the sole result of raising a crop of contradictory theories. Where substantial evidence is lacking it is more prudent to leave problems unsolved, and not trust much to the uncertainties of subjective judgments. We ought to add that Father Knabenbauer insists on the necessity of more thoroughly determining the primitive readings of the Greek text itself as a pre-requisite to its comparison with the Masoretic. In his Preface he lays down rules which should guide such a critical inquiry.

In his verdict on the order of the prophecies, Father Knabenbauer likewise chooses a middle path between opposing theories. He does not believe that the present order is due to the Prophet himself, nor does he believe it to be governed by any very elaborate principle of arrangement. On the other hand, he does find a certain order of a simple character to prevail, although it is obviously not chronological. We are referring to the arrangement found in the Masoretic text, for it is to this that our author gives the preference.

As Father Knabenbauer's method and manner of exposition is now sufficiently known, it will be sufficient to notice how he deals with a passage or two of special interest. In ch. i. v. 5, he holds that we have a sound basis for the traditional belief that Jeremias, like St. John the Baptist, was sanctified by the reception of true internal sanctifying grace whilst yet in his mother's womb. Doubtless the word "sanctify" by itself can

and often does mean mere external dedication to an office in the Divine service. But in this verse the sanctification referred to is expressly distinguished from and set over against the eternal decree of predestination to the Prophet's work on the one hand and the vocation addressed to him in mature age on the other hand. It must, therefore, denote some special effect of the eternal decree of predestination wrought in order to qualify the man for his work, and wrought at the time mentioned, that is, at the very outset of his personal existence. These conditions are both satisfied by the traditional belief, and are difficult to satisfy in any other way. Nevertheless this belief, though the commoner among the ancient Catholic commentators, is far from universal, as Father Knabenbauer points out in his bibliographical note.

Very satisfactory is his vindication of the reference to our Blessed Lady of the famous passage in ch. xxxi. 32: "A woman shall compass a man." That the passage is Messianic cannot be doubted from the context and the place which the section occupies in the general scheme of arrangement. Starting from this certainty we have to remember that, in its special characteristic of associating with the glorious period a man and a woman, the Messiah and His Mother, this announcement of Jeremias does not stand alone. It connects itself naturally by its tenour with Isaías vii. 14 ("Behold a virgin shall conceive," &c.), and Micheas v. 3 ("Even till the time wherein she that travaileth shall bring forth.") Each of these kindred passages has been already dealt with by Father Knabenbauer, and in a manner to entitle him now to claim them as declaring the birth of our Lord to involve some striking effort of the Divine power. It is therefore reasonable, and alone reasonable, to infer that Jeremias, who must have known and been deeply impressed with these announcements of his brother-prophets, desired to reiterate the same important prediction. This seems to us a sure basis of interpretation, and it will perhaps recommend itself all the more to readers when they learn from Father Knabenbauer's note how inadequate are the alternative explanations ventured by the commentators to whom this is unpalatable. Perhaps the stiffest of all difficulties in the path of the student of prophecy is that occasioned by St. Matthew ii. 18. The Evangelist finds in the Massacre of the Innocents the fulfilment of a prediction made by Jeremias in ch. xxxi. 15 ("A voice in Rama," &c.), whereas in the Prophet these words seem so

evidently to refer to the carrying away into Babylon of the Jewish captives. We have not the space to explain how Father Knabenbauer deals with this prophetic puzzle, but we may refer our readers to his pages for a solution which seems to us the best obtainable under the circumstances.

4.—THE ROSARY OF OUR BLESSED LADY.¹

The Rosary is said to be the most efficacious mode of prayer, with the exception of the Holy Sacrifice and the Divine Office. The use of the latter is restricted to the few, but the Rosary is in the hands of the many; it is the inheritance of all the children of the Church, without distinction of age, sex, or condition of life. Every Catholic is familiar with it from his earliest years, and the chaplet of beads is placed, with the crucifix, between his folded hands, when he is carried to his last resting-place. And yet even those who recite the Rosary most regularly, might feel somewhat at a loss to answer, were they required to give an account of the origin and object of the devotion, to mention its essential characteristics, the number and nature of the Indulgences wherewith it is enriched. Their very familiarity with it causes them to overlook the vagueness of their theoretical knowledge concerning it, just as few persons are acquainted with the grammatical rules which govern the use of their native tongue. On this account, therefore, a work lately published by a Dominican Father, Professor of Theology at the College of Maynooth, will prove a welcome addition to religious literature. In the opening pages, the reader is reminded that meditation on the several mysteries must accompany the recital of the prayers of the Rosary. It is in this, as he tells us further on (pp. 201, seq.), that its perfection as a sacred exercise consists; it combines mental and vocal prayer; it unites the prayer of contemplation to the prayer of supplication. The fifteen Mysteries contain the chief points in the Gospel history of joy and sorrow; they form a book of theology in fifteen chapters, easily understood by the unlettered and ignorant.

The comprehensive series of pictures which the fifteen Mysteries present to view are divided into three groups, each constituting a

¹ *Unserer lieben Frauen Rosenkranz.* Erklärt von Fr. Thomas Esser, O.P. Paderborn: Verlag von Ferd. Schöningh, 1889.

separate whole. The first five embrace the youth of the Divine Saviour, His familiar intercourse with Mary His Mother, and Joseph His reputed father. The following five set before us the essential part of the work of Redemption, the Passion and Death of Jesus, and the share Mary had in it. The final five call to mind the glorification of our Lord, the joy and honour which were the recompense of His Holy Mother. In consequence of this variety in the subject of the mysteries, naturally directing the thoughts in different directions, like a drama in three acts of five scenes each, the Psalter of Mary falls naturally into three parts, the joyful, the sorrowful, and the glorious Rosary. (p. 8.)

No very satisfactory explanation is to be found, Father Esser informs us, of the name of *Rosary*, given to this form of devotion. Originally it was called the Psalter of Mary, and the one hundred and fifty Hail Marys it contains are supposed to be in imitation of the one hundred and fifty Psalms of the Psalter of David. As they are divided into groups of ten, each of these decades may be considered as forming "an instrument of ten strings," like the *Psalterium decachordium* mentioned in the Thirty-second Psalm, on which the praises of God are to be sung. The name *Rosarium* is applied strictly to the whole Rosary, a third part being termed *corona*, or chaplet. Perhaps in this may be traced a reference to the pagan custom—forbidden to the early Christians, but revived in the middle ages—of wearing wreaths of roses. Images of our Lady, the Mystic Rose, may have been thus crowned, and the repetition of the Angelical Salutation may have received the name of a wreath, woven in her honour.

Father Esser dwells upon the offence given by the reiteration of the same formula to Protestants, who compare the Rosary to the vain repetitions of the heathen, to the prayer-wheel of the Thibetan, or the ejaculation of the Brahman. It is, however, no reproduction of pagan superstition, but an imitation of our Lord's example. Three times in the Garden of Olives He prayed, using the same words. Repetition, moreover, answers to an instinct of human nature; the suppliant continually urges his request in the same terms; the child loves to hear the same story again and again; the populace delight in the refrain of a melody. And what can the Christian do better than repeat a form of prayer which, if not composed by Jesus Christ, is the prayer of His adoption, sealed by His sanction, and contains all we ought to pray for? What can

he do better than employ the intercession of the Mother of God to render his petitions efficacious, like the Apostles after the Ascension, who persevered in prayer with Mary, and address her in the words of the Angelical Salutation, which is a summary of the Gospel, and glad tidings to mankind?

The outward form of the Rosary is, it is true, an invention of pre-Christian times. It was known among the Brahmans and Buddhists from time immemorial, and St. Francis Xavier found it in use when he penetrated into Japan. To ensure the recital of a fixed number of prayers, a means of counting them is required, and therefore it was necessary to invent a mechanical aid to assist the memory and avoid mis-calculation. We are told that the hermits in the desert used to employ small pebbles (*calculos*) or fruit-stones for this purpose, keeping them in their lap, and throwing one aside at the termination of each prayer. Later on, we hear of strings of beads or precious stones serving the same end, and it is known that certain numbers of *Paters* used to be recited, called *beltidum Pater noster*, from ecclesiastical records of the ninth century, ordering that seven *beltides* should be recited for the repose of the soul of a deceased bishop. The Angelical Salutation did not come into general use in its present form until after the twelfth century.

The Rosary of our Lady owes its origin to St. Dominic, the Apostle raised up to combat the heresy of the Albigenses. Finding that the gross ignorance of the people in regard to Christian doctrine was the greatest evil of the day, he set himself to discover a means of teaching the chief truths of the Gospel to the people under an easy form. The Blessed Virgin gave him the Rosary, which may be called the book of the unlearned, a compendium of the Gospels, the quintessence of Christianity, the simplest and most comprehensive form of devotion.

Our author thus speaks of it :

The Rosary was not destined to bring into relief an isolated article of the Creed, or give prominence to one individual mystery of religion. It can be recited as appropriately in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament as in our own homes; when we adore the Infant Saviour in the manger, or kneel at the foot of the Cross. It suggests reflections suitable to every season of the ecclesiastical year, and on this account deserves to hold the highest rank as a sacred exercise. Other devotions are intended to honour a single mystery of our Lord's life on earth ;

they resemble an aromatic plant from which the soul plucks a cluster of leaves emitting the perfume of one special virtue ; but the Rosary is the garden of the celestial Bridegroom, a paradise of delight, containing all the fragrant shrubs and mystic blossoms of the Divine mysteries, whence the soul derives sweetness inexpressible. Other devotions again may be compared to private chapels and oratories, erected in honour of some salient feature in the story of redemption, or to emphasize some special truth ; whereas the Rosary is like a vast Cathedral, a glorious temple within whose precincts every article of faith and practice is duly venerated, and the worshipper is called on to confess his adhesion to the whole of revealed truth. The Rosary, furthermore, is a treasure-house of celestial riches, to which the redeemed have free access : an arsenal of spiritual weapons, wherewith we can subdue our infernal foe through the merits of Christ ; an excellent school of Christian doctrine and true wisdom, where the lowly and humble of heart learn secrets that are hidden from the wise and prudent of the world. (p. 174.)

Space forbids us to do more than glance at the contents of this work, which is full of interesting and instructive information. Chapter viii. treats of the manner in which the Rosary should be recited, so as to derive the greatest benefit from it ; this contains many useful suggestions for the practice of pious meditation on the various mysteries. The custom of adding a short sentence to each Hail Mary after the word Jesus—*e.g.*, whom thou didst conceive by the Holy Ghost—whom thou didst bear over the mountains to St. Elizabeth—in order to keep the respective mystery special to each decade before the mind, is a method very common in Germany, but we are not sure whether it would be acceptable to those who are not habituated to its use. The latter half of the volume contains the history of the Confraternity of the Rosary, the object of its institution, the privileges offered to its members, the rules and obligations binding on them. A full enumeration of the Indulgences attached to the Rosary is also given, with explanations and comments.

Father Esser does not omit strongly to deprecate the idea entertained, he asserts, by some Catholics, that the Rosary is a relic of dark ages, an old wives' formula, intended only for the use of the ignorant and unlettered. He gives many instances of Popes and prelates, emperors and princes, statesmen and soldiers, men of genius and learning in recent times, who have highly esteemed and constantly recited the Rosary.

In concluding this notice we must express our hope that

the labours of the learned author may meet with the reward he doubtless desires and undeniably deserves, that through his painstaking researches the honour of our Lady may be promoted by the more diligent recital of her Rosary both in public and private; by its recital, too, not only with more diligence, but with more intelligent appreciation, devout faith, and heart-felt piety.

5.—LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE.¹

We heartily recommend this little book to all who wish for a short, and at the same time, a faithful *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary*. Whilst the less important details are briefly touched on, the more striking traits of Blessed Margaret Mary's character are drawn out with great distinctness. Her life before entering religion is told in two brief chapters; still, the author, by his judicious selection, tells us quite enough to let us see by what means God began to prepare His servant from earliest childhood for the work that lay before her.

Father Barry has given us a book which is not only calculated to inspire us with a great love of the Sacred Heart, but which furthermore furnishes us with a pattern and model in our efforts to increase in that love. Many writers so enlarge on the extraordinary mortifications of the saints as to hinder rather than help the average reader. The average reader has not the courage, and probably has not the grace, to practise extraordinary mortifications. Besides, we are hardly faithful biographers, if we write so as to suggest to our readers that the heroic is the starting-point of the saints. Such certainly is not the rule. So was it not with Blessed Margaret Mary. She began by denying herself in small things; and to give up small things very often cost her a great deal. This will be intimately felt by every thoughtful reader of Father Barry's book; and, in our opinion, the writer has acted wisely, in letting us see, if the expression may be permitted, the natural littleness of his subject. Blessed Margaret Mary, as is abundantly evident, was not naturally mortified, any more than we are. The secret of her great triumphs over self was her constancy in prayer. She did all things "in Him that strengthened her."

¹ *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.* By Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R. London: Burns and Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; Dublin: Gill and Son.

Whilst readers of this Life cannot but be deeply impressed with the great sanctity of Blessed Margaret Mary, they are likely to have a lower opinion of the nuns with whom she lived than seems altogether warranted by evidence. No doubt some of them were suspicious of the new devotion; some of them, it may be, overstepped the bounds of discretion and charity, but our author sometimes so writes as to leave us under the impression that indiscretion and uncharitableness were the rule and not the exception. We believe it can be proved that, out of a community of twenty-seven, only five were actively hostile to her, and even these five seem not to have persevered in their hostility. Father Tickell, in his *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary*, devotes a chapter to the consideration of the religious state of the community of Paray during her life-time. He treats the subject with evident impartiality, and very satisfactorily vindicates the character of the nuns.

We have nothing but praise for the form in which this short Life of Blessed Margaret Mary has been presented to the public. Only we would make one suggestion. We should very much like to see a second edition of it in a cheaper form, so as to bring it more within the range of all readers.

6.—THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.¹

There is perhaps no more popular saint than St. Francis of Assisi. The narrative of his life is known to every one; his sayings are on the lips of all; his virtues are proposed as a model to those who strive after the perfect following of Christ. His biography has been written again and again; it is to be found in all civilized languages, under every form, adapted to suit every class of readers, whatever their social rank or spiritual condition. Nor is this to be wondered at, for all the gifts and graces whereby other saints were severally distinguished, appear to meet in the person of the Seraphic Father; the gentle charity of St. Francis of Sales, the unconquerable energy and devotion of St. Ignatius, the apostolic zeal of St. Dominic, the humility of St. Vincent of Paul, the austerity of St. John of the Cross, the

¹ (1) *The Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, from the *Legenda Santa Francisci* of St. Bonaventure. By Miss Lockhart. Edited, with a Preface, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: R. Washbourne, 1889.

(2) *Works of the Seraphic Father, St. Francis of Assisi*. Translated by a Religious of the Order. Second Edition corrected. London: R. Washbourne, 1890.

thaumaturgical powers of St. Antony of Padua. From the moment when he first entered the service of Christ, the progress he made in the practice of the sublimest virtues, was not that of slow degrees, but as it were by leaps and bounds. In his whole manner of life he exhibited, in fact, the most faithful copy ever seen on earth of the Divine Saviour.

Of the numerous biographies that have been written of the Saint of Assisi, there is not one which appeals more forcibly to the heart than the first one ever penned, on which all the others are founded, and which can never be surpassed, that of St. Bonaventure. By diligently collecting and recording the particulars that the surviving companions of St. Francis could tell about him after his death, St. Bonaventure has bequeathed to posterity a legacy of inestimable value. It is a translation—and an exceptionally good translation—of these “Legends,” which no one can tire of perusing and re-perusing, that is now offered to us in a new edition (1) and compact form. The life of a Saint written by a Saint, has, as we are informed in the Preface, a two-fold nature and power; and St. Bonaventure, who was actuated in composing it, not only by the wish of others, but by gratitude to the servant of God by whose prayers he had, when four years old, been rescued from the very jaws of death, writes of his marvellous sanctity and tender piety with an admiration so fervent as to enkindle the heart of every reader. How beautifully he describes the manner in which St. Francis, “not trusting to his own industry to discover the will of God, sought for it by intense and earnest prayer;” how he gathered a few companions together, dwelling with them in a deserted hut, resolved “that neither for hunger or suffering of any kind would they break the promise they had plighted to holy poverty;” how they passed their time in prayer and contemplation of the Cross of Christ, the odour of their good report spreading through all the country round, until five thousand friars enlisted in his army, were gathered together at one time at St. Mary of the Portiuncula, filled with spiritual joy, and like their brave leader “prompt in obedience, strong to labour, swift of foot” in the service of God. We read how he exercised such severe discipline over all his sensual appetites, that he hardly took food sufficient for the support of nature, and continually discovered new ways of exercising abstinence, calling his body *Brother Ass*, saying it was to be laden with heavy burdens and beaten with many stripes, to punish the rebellion of the flesh.

"Nevertheless when he went abroad, he conformed himself (according to the words of the Gospel) to the manner of life of those with whom he abode, eating what was set before him." He, too, who was so austere to himself, was the gentlest of mankind towards his neighbour.

With exceeding tenderness of compassion did he minister to all bodily sufferings, whether penury, or want of any kind, sweetly commending the sufferer to Christ. Mercy, indeed, was born with him, but it received a two-fold increase by the infused charity of Christ, for truly his soul melted within him at the sight of poverty and sickness. . . . Oftentimes when he met a poor man on the way, laden with a heavy burden, he would take it on his own weak shoulders and carry it for him. (p. 77.)

The love that St. Francis bore to the brute creation, and the power which his innocence gave him over it, are well known. The timid hare, the shy lamb, fearlessly followed him, courting his caresses; the fierce falcon and cruel wolf in his presence became gentle and submissive. Birds of all kinds assembled in flocks around him, expressing their gladness in sweet songs, which were instantly hushed when he required silence for preaching. We quote one of the many anecdotes on this subject given in the *Legends*.

At St. Mary of the Portiuncula a sheep was brought to the man of God, which, because of the innocency and loving simplicity betokened by these creatures, he gladly received. The holy man taught the sheep that it should always praise God, and give no offence to the brethren, and the sheep, as if it had a sense of the piety of the man of God, carefully observed all his commandments. For when it heard the brethren singing in the choir, it would go into the church, and unbidden, bend its knees, bleating, before the altar of the Virgin Mother of God. And when the most sacred Body of Christ was elevated in the Holy Mass it would bend its knees; thus by the reverence of a dumb animal rebuking the irreverence of the undevout, and exciting the devout to greater veneration for the sacrament of Christ. (p. 79.)

We would fain dwell upon the beautiful character of this most attractive Saint as displayed in the pages of St. Bonaventure: on his fervent charity, his diligence in prayer, his patience under suffering, his fidelity in following the will of God. How instructive is the conflict of his mind (chap. xii.), when he was unable to see which would be most agreeable to God, that he should give himself wholly to prayer, or go forth

to preach. How edifying his unhesitating acceptance of the decision of the venerable priest whom he consulted on this point. How wonderful are the miracles recorded of him, how glorious the gifts he received, most of all that of conformity to the Passion of Christ, when the sacred stigmata were impressed on his body. But we must now turn to the companion volume (2), containing the works of St. Francis, translated by a religious of his order.

The Seraphic Father was not a writer. He was proficient in the science of the saints, not in worldly learning; a few letters, and the rules of the first, second, and third orders, are all that he is known to have penned. Some fragments of his oral instructions to the monks, a few sayings and maxims often upon his lips, and some colloquies, committed to paper by his disciples, have been treasured up, and they are reproduced like true spiritual pearls in the present volume.

7.—LOGIC.¹

Some months ago we introduced to the readers of THE MONTH the first part of the *Institutiones Logicales* of Father Pesch. We said that it was the work of one who had mastered his subject, and knew how to treat it in accordance with the progress of modern science. This conviction is confirmed by the perusal of the present volume, which is the first of the *Logica Major*. Its object is to furnish the student with suitable weapons for the defence of the principles of sound logic laid down in the opening volume, and to arm him against the attacks of modern idealists, sceptics, and positivists. The *Logica Major* is divided into three books: (1) *Logica Critica*, (2) *Logica Formalis*, (3) *Logica Realis*. (Quæstiones Ontologicæ.) In the volume before us we have the two first books.

Father Pesch opens with two series of introductory inquiries. The one is devoted to an explanation of the principles of method, the other discusses the nature and importance of logic. Accordingly in the first series (pp. 1—16) the following questions find their solution: 1. Are we to admit three ways of knowing,

¹ *Institutiones Logicales secundum principia S. Thomæ Aquinatis ad usum Scholasticum*. Accommodavit Tilmannus Pesch, S.J., Pars II. *Logica Major*. Volumen I. complectens Logicam criticam et formalem. Friburgi Brisgovie: Sumptibus Herder, typographi editoris Pontificii, 1889, pp. xxii. et 644, 8vo.

termed definition, division, argumentation? 2. How far is division instrumental in the acquisition of knowledge? 3. Does definition manifest the *essences* of the things defined? 4. Is the peripatetical reduction of our mental operations to apprehension, judgment, and discourse well grounded? 5. Are the so-called *entia rationis* nothing but fictions? In the second series of these preliminary questions, the nature of logic and its value is elucidated by precise definition of its object, its character as a science, its position in the system of philosophy, its utility and necessity. (pp. 16—39.) The results thus gained are brought home more strikingly to the mind of the reader by a comparison of the formal logic of Aristotle with that of modern idealists. (pp. 39—50.) In conclusion, the ingeniously constructed modern machinery, called *Algorithmus Logica*, by means of which logical notions and relations are expressed in mathematical terms, is subjected to a fair and moderate criticism. (pp. 50—52.)

Now we come to the *Logica Critica*, which fills the largest part of the volume. (pp. 51—427.) Nothing is more urgently needed in a sceptical age like ours than to treat this part of philosophy solidly and with an intelligent estimate of the difficulties arising from the aberrations of modern thought. What a good apologetic work is for the supernatural truths of Christian theology, a good *Logica Critica* is for the natural truths which form the basis of all sound philosophy. Our author has given us just what is needed. He follows with marvellous patience the tortuous ways of modern scepticism. By calm and lucid explanations and reasonings, and well-weighed answers to the exceptions of old and modern opponents, he clearly explains to the reader the absurdities of scepticism, the nature of certitude, the trustworthiness of our faculties of knowledge, the value to be attached to human authority, the existence and essence of truth and falsehood. In the controverted question about the specific difference of metaphysical, physical, and moral certitude, Father Pesch answers the question in the affirmative. We should, however, have liked some more explicit statements in the second and third answer on p. 413. If we are not mistaken, it would serve clearness if, with regard to our certitude about the application of physical and moral laws, a distinction were drawn between *practical* and *speculative* certitude. As often as it is evident that a certain fact is postulated by a physical or moral law, and no good reason can be given why the law should not apply, we are *practically* certain that the event in question will

take place. Such a *practical* certitude does not exclude the absolute *possibility* of error, although it excludes its *probability*, and consequently the prudence of *practical* fear of error. *Speculative* certitude is incompatible not only with the probability, but even with the possibility of error. This distinction premised, it seems to us that on the ground of physical and moral laws we have sometimes only *practical* certitude, sometimes *speculative*. I am speculatively certain that in the majority of cases physical and moral laws will have their effect in the phenomena of nature and the events of human life. But as regards particular cases, I sometimes am speculatively, sometimes only practically certain about the application of a law. Let us illustrate this assertion by some instances. About the fact that I am now sitting in my room occupied with writing, I have speculative certitude, because I cannot reflect upon all the circumstances of sensitive perception through which I become impressed by the existence of that fact, without having evidence that it is an objective reality. On the contrary, if I see a dead body laid out for burial, and showing unmistakable marks of real death, although I may have speculative certitude about the cessation of life, I have only practical certitude about the absolute statement, "This dead body will not return to life." The reason is obvious. Under ordinary circumstances, I have no grounds to suppose miracles; consequently it would be *practically* imprudent to act as though they might happen. Yet from a mere speculative point of view, it is not imprudent to say, "I am not certain that this or that dead body will not return to life again." I have only speculative certitude about the truth of the hypothetical statement, "This dead body will not return to life, unless for reasons unknown to me God works a miracle." The *proximate* foundation of my certitude about this hypothetical fact is not the nature of things, but a general physical law.

The other part of the volume before us bears the heading, *Logica Formalis*. It treats in a very thorough way the most important of ancient and modern speculations on the deeper logical questions. The first discussion is on *universal ideas*, the second on *judgments*. Here we recommend especially the statements on the nature of judgments, the nature of their truth, the nature of the copula, the origin of the necessity of judgments (pp. 497—509), to the attention of the readers. Very useful, too, are the arguments of our author against the division of judgments made by Hamilton and Lange. (pp. 510—512.)

Among the questions which are treated in the third discussion, the distinction between evident truths that are demonstrable and such as are not capable of demonstration is very ably treated. In the fourth, *on knowledge under an objective aspect*, our author treats with great skill and erudition the wants of our age in the question about *one* deductive principle of all knowledge (pp. 583, seq.), about the true character and extent of natural science (pp. 602—608), the weight of tradition, and the scientific value of historical knowledge. (pp. 608—621.) The treatise on the relation between human knowledge and Divine revelation (pp. 623—644) is also excellent.

We conclude by saying that the volume, of which we have given a scanty notice, is a work on scholastic philosophy of a thoroughness and research rarely met with. We shall look forward to the *Logica Realis*, and can only hope that it will be a worthy companion of the two volumes preceding it.

8.—MY TIME.¹

Mr. Burnand, of histrionic renown, and the editor of the first comic journal in the world, has employed his leisure time in writing a novel. It is indited in the first person, but it is not his own autobiography; we almost wish that it were, on account of the additional interest that it would thence receive; but we may console ourselves by the conviction that Mr. Burnand weaves some of his own reminiscences into his narrative, which purports to be compiled from the papers of a certain Cecil Colvin, and gives his history from the day of his birth until some time in middle age, when he takes leave of the reader after settling himself comfortably with his chosen consort in a nice little country-house. Master Colvin, though the son of a baronet, was, in his childhood, it must be confessed, a "vulgar little boy;" this was owing probably to his being left, when two years old, entirely to the charge of a nurse, who allowed him to associate freely with the children of a cousin of hers, theatrical people, who were by no means at the head of their profession. His mother was dead, and, to quote his own words, "A son passes through the best part of his lifetime before he can estimate all he has lost by his mother's death." Often did the

¹ *My Time, and what I've done with it.* An Autobiography. By F. C. Burnand. London and New York: Burns and Oates, Ltd.

boy stand before her portrait, and wonder what he should have been had she lived. Soon after her decease, his father had gone out to India. Although, as we are told, "the bearer of an ancient title," Sir John Colvin was a business man, who considered making money the sole object in life, and preferred the society of his city friends, and his own circle of relations—themselves not of the most aristocratic type—to his equals in rank. The following is a description of the first interview of the boy, then eight years old, with his father on the return of the latter from India :

That my father would be tall, with mahogany-coloured face, very glaring eye-balls, and with a white turban, I had settled in my mind to my entire satisfaction. Weeks went by, and occupied as heretofore with Nurse Davis and the Verneys, I had ceased to think about him. One afternoon I was summoned to Mrs. Clym's drawing-room, where, standing by the fire-place with my aunt, I saw a gentleman with dark whiskers, and such thick eyebrows as gave a scowling look to his otherwise kindly brown face (not deeply browned as anybody from India ought to have been), and dressed much the same as any other gentleman I had ever seen. At first it occurred to me that he was a doctor, and I was considerably preparing to exhibit my tongue to him, when he exclaimed :

"What a big fellow he's grown !"

Whereupon, as he left the hearthrug and advanced towards me, Aunt Clym said in her sternest tone :

"Cecil, say, 'How do you do,' to your father."

I did say, "How do you do."

That was all.

And so we stood, for a minute or two, regarding each other curiously. (p. 32.)

Sir John decides that his son is to be sent to school, and thereupon follows a series of schoolboy experiences and adventures ; first at a ladies "preparatory establishment," then under the charge of a pompous clergyman of the Evangelical school, who trains some fifty or sixty boys for the public schools. When between thirteen and fourteen Cecil spends the holidays at the country home of a school-fellow. Whilst he is there some actors arrive to conduct private theatricals, in them he recognizes his old acquaintances, the Verneys, to the astonishment of his hostess, who with some displeasure asks if he is accustomed to associate with such people? A vague sense of the line of demarcation between them and him forces itself on

the boy when he takes leave of his little friend Julie, who had been on the stage ever since she could stand.

When we had last parted, we embraced. But now, I was a guest at Ringhurst Whiteboys, and she was playing a chambermaid in a farce or a page in an opera, and wearing heels to her boots in order to obtain some addition to her week's salary! It was not a parting as of old. (p. 142.)

After this Cecil is sent to Holyshade (Eton?) to "be made a man of," as his father says, and passes through the various pleasures and pains of life at a public school. On the whole he gets on well enough. The description of his adventures when on the river, indulging his taste for swan hunting, and the consequences that ensued (c. xxii.), too long to quote here, is perhaps one of the best episodes in the whole volume.

After some time spent with a private tutor—and the indulgence of a little innocent calf-love—Cecil proceeds to matriculate at *Cowbridge*. Nothing very remarkable occurs during his college life. The question of religion arises between himself and his best friend, who after making acquaintance with sundry parsons abroad, and contrasting them with Catholic priests, doubts the sacred character of Anglican Orders and renounces his intention of taking them. When Cecil is about to leave the University he finds himself encumbered with considerable debts, and writes a penitent letter to his father on the subject. His debts are paid very grudgingly; and he is told, by his father's partner, after being reproached with disobedience and ingratitude, that the sole assistance he will thenceforward receive from the paternal purse is a hundred pounds a year, in quarterly payments.

There is no plot deserving the name in this book, but there is a mystery, or something very like it, about Cecil's birth. His father was married three times; first to one of a company of strolling players, a Catholic and a beauty, but not a very reputable person, who forsook him and went to Australia. Believing a report of her death, Sir John married the mother of Cecil, who died shortly after the child's birth. Finally he married the sister of his partner, a man named Cavander, the villain of the piece. Desirous of securing the Colvin property for his sister and her children, this man, previously to the third marriage, represents that Sir John had been misinformed as to his first wife's death; that she had recently returned from

Australia, and had expired in a London hospital, in consequence of an accident, in which case the second marriage contracted during her lifetime would be invalid, and Cecil would be illegitimate. The close resemblance which the woman in question bore to the first Lady Colvin, supported the deception; she was however satisfactorily proved to have been her twin sister. But this was of little benefit to the hero, since shortly before his father's death the house of Colvin and Cavander entirely failed, owing to the foolish speculation of the latter partner. Cecil is left with nothing but the barren honour of the title. He makes good use of his time, enters at Lincoln's Inn, and succeeds so well at the bar that he is able to marry his first love, the little actress Julie, to whom he has been faithful through all the changes and vicissitudes of his youth.

This book has an excellent moral tone, and will be enjoyed by boys and young men, and by all lovers of the happy facetiousness which has made the author of *Happy Thoughts* a general favourite.

9.—LORD ALLANROE.¹

The introduction to this story describes a large Christmas party at Holm Park, in Scotland. Other amusements having been given up, the young people finally agree to marry a gentleman, Stewart Rivers, Lord Allanroe, ten years of age, to a lady, Miss May Caxton, who is several years younger. The ceremony is gone through for the common amusement, the legal form is quite complete, even to the written promise, signed by both parties. Then the ball breaks up and the children are brought home, most of them asleep. They awake the next day having forgotten all about their amusement of the evening before, which, however, entails serious consequences on the chief actors.

It is assumed by the writer that this marriage was legal and binding according to the Scottish law. It is admitted that the form of marriage in Scotland is of the simplest possible nature, but we are certainly very much surprised to learn that the law would recognize as binding a ceremony gone through for mere play and without any serious intention. Would the players in any drama, who have gone through the ceremony of marriage

¹ *Lord Allanroe; or, Marriage not a Failure.* By B. E. T. A. London: Digby and Long.

on the stage, be held to be married by the Scottish law? The promise in *Much Ado about Nothing* is fairly given by Claudio to Hero. "Give me your hand before this holy friar. I am your husband, if you like of me." Is he a married man, beyond his hour upon the stage? To play at getting married is a very obvious, and, we should imagine, a very common kind of game among children. We never heard before of any difficulty arising out of it such as is described in this story. For here the young lady having been happily married at the age of twenty, more or less, and having lived with her husband for about a year, is suddenly reminded of her childish marriage, and assured by a certain nobleman that he was the man. After heart-breaking anxiety on her part and that of her husband, the written promise turns up, and it is proved that her husband, Stewart Rivers, the present Earl of Darlbawn, was the husband in the former marriage, but had forgotten all about it. So all ends happily.

The main purpose of the book, however, is to point the moral which furnishes its title: *Marriage not a Failure*. Is marriage a failure? Not in itself, we are to learn; the failure always arises from want of prudence, or from some other fault, on the part of those who marry. There are extracts from a certain correspondence, which appeared a few years ago in the *Daily Telegraph*, at the beginning of each chapter. From these we take the following at random.

Matrimonial failures—and Heaven knows they are common enough—arise solely from the selfish propensity of men and women to deceive themselves; in Fuller's words, "by over-expecting happiness in the married state, and by looking for contentment therein greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive." A happy marriage is a never-ending series of compromises, concessions, and sacrifices on both sides, and especially on the wife's, as she has more at stake. (Vide correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*.)

These are true words, and it is in order to exemplify such truths that the story has been written. In the rough outline of the plot that we have given above, we have left out what is really a most important part of the book, the account of the two marriages of the Earl of Darlbawn, the father of Lord Allanroe. The Earl was a man who, although punctiliously polite, was reserved and haughty in manner, partly from natural disposition, and partly from an exalted idea of the dignity of

his position. His first wife, the mother of Lord Allanroe, was as haughty as himself. She died shortly after the birth of her son, leaving him to the father and to his tutors for his education. The father rejoices to see him grow up like himself, the peasantry like him all the better for his pride, which they think is both proper and becoming to him, his tutors find no fault with him for he has both talent and industry, so that there is a danger of his developing solely the Spartan virtues. He is self-reliant, self-restrained, strictly honourable, generous, but not ostentatiously so, he has strict ideas of duty, and is formal and perhaps priggish in manner. The Earl marries again, and his young wife, who has come from a happy and affectionate family, feels painfully that she has made a mistake, and that such a marriage cannot bring her happiness. Her efforts to break down the restraint that exists between herself and her husband are of no avail; she finds that he does not understand her, but she gains the sympathy of the boy by a sort of clinging affection for him, and by begging him to call her "mother." At her death, young Allanroe promised her that her child, his baby sister, should be his especial care. In carrying out this promise he cultivated the higher qualities which were really in him, but which were in danger of being lost simply through want of exercise. For the account of this transformation we must refer, however, to the work itself.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

PENTECOST is approaching, and those who have made use of Father Clarke's short Meditations for other seasons, are sure to avail themselves of this timely issue of another set.¹ Seventeen relate to Whitsuntide, four to Trinity Sunday, and the rest to Corpus Christi. The Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the parted tongues, the tongues of fire, the gift of languages, the power of healing, the commission to teach, the change in the Apostles, are by no means easy subjects for any one of us to arrange for ourselves in preparation for meditation. Many will therefore be thankful to Father Clarke for his suggestions on these important subjects, and those who avail themselves of these short meditations will find, not only that they are skilfully and attractively proposed, but that there is a simplicity in them that accords well with the depth of the mysteries, and that places the fruit of those mysteries within reach of all who make a practice of meditation.

Mr. Herder is bringing out a third edition of Dr. Schmitt's *Manna Quotidianum Sacerdotum*,² which was first issued nearly twenty years ago. The Prayers before and after Mass are taken from Father Boppart's *Scutum Fidei*, but the long meditations which render the *Scutum* rather cumbersome for general use, are abridged by Dr. Schmitt into very convenient and concise form, and supply quite enough matter for half an hour's meditation before the celebration of Mass, as they wisely give only the heads in concise and convenient shape, leaving the reader to develop them himself. The present volume begins with Advent and carries us on to Lent. An Appendix contains some hints on meditation, preparation for Mass, and various indulgenced prayers and devotions in honour of our Lady, St. Joseph, and other saints.

¹ *Veni Sancte Spiritus*: Short Meditations from the Ascension to the Octave of Corpus Christi. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Manna Quotidianum Sacerdotum*, sive Preces ante et post Missæ Celebrationem. Edidit Jac. Schmitt, D.D. Freiburg: Herder.

We have already noticed Parts I. and II. of Father Lehmkuhl's revised edition of Father Louis de Ponte's *Meditations*.¹ We have since received the third and fourth volumes of the same work. The third contains the Public Life of our Lord from His Baptism to the termination of His Ministry. The fourth volume comprises the history of the Sacred Passion. We need not repeat what we have already said respecting this new issue, and the gratitude that is due to Father Lehmkuhl for giving to Catholics in general and to priests in particular, a cheap and handy edition of a book which is in our opinion unparalleled in the solid matter that it affords for meditation. It contains so much matter, and such an abundance of useful and practical thoughts, that the reader need not fear exhausting its treasures in a single perusal. He will find in it materials for pious meditations for years, and at the end will still find that there is much that he has omitted. We should rejoice to see this new Latin edition give rise to a fresh translation into English.

Among the valuable scholarlike accomplishments and means of mental cultivation which the Intermediate Examinations and those of the Royal University of Ireland is happily fostering, the writing of Classical Greek Prose is by no means the least important. Boys and young men generally take kindly to it and prefer it, and very rightly so, to Latin. In the acquirement of Greek composition it is very necessary to begin with a handbook which should combine grammar with exercises in writing Greek. We have already noticed Father Browne's little book,² which admirably fulfils this purpose, and now we are glad to be able to notice a second edition. It is clear, thorough, and careful, and a boy who has been through it and done the exercises at the end will have already mastered the difficulties of Greek grammar and will have attained to a good knowledge of Greek idiom.

Mr. N. F. Davin, one of the foremost orators of the House of Commons in Canada, has published an essay on *Culture and Practical Power*³ which we recommend to our readers. His

¹ *Ven. P. L. de Ponte, S.J. Meditationes de Præcipuis fidei nostræ mysteriis.* De novo editæ curæ Aug. Lehmkuhl, S.J. Freiburg: Herder.

² *Handbook of Greek Composition.* By Henry Browne, S.J. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. Dublin: Browne and Nolan; London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

³ *Culture and Practical Power.* An Address delivered at the opening of Lansdowne College, November 11, 1889. By Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P. Ottawa: W. T. Mason.

object is to prove, and he proves by countless examples and many forcible arguments, that culture is an almost invariable accompaniment of success in practical pursuits. He tells us that the watchword of the future will be, "Cultivate and educate the people," and from this he hopes, and we believe hopes with good reason, for the happiest results. The lecture was originally delivered at the opening of Lansdowne College, Portage la Prairie, and has already reached a second edition. It is well worth an English reprint.

We believe that it is Aristotle who propounds the doctrine that in every human being there preponderates one of four elements, all of which exist in our bodies, and affect our soul so as to determine our character or temperament. These four elements are blood, black bile, yellow bile, phlegm. According as one or other of these prevails, the individual is sanguine, melancholic (or atrabilious), choleric, and phlegmatic. It is obvious that children who have various temperaments should not all be treated alike, and Mr. Bernard Hellwig has written a very little book in which he gives us careful analysis of these various dispositions, and the consequent variety of treatment they ought to receive.¹ He is a keen observer of character, and must have watched children day by day to gather together so many of their respective characteristics. For instance :

The sanguine child loves music and song naturally. He whistles or sings an accompaniment to all his employments. The choleric child, too, is fond of singing and whistling, but not in the same degree as the sanguinist. The little melancholist is always afraid of getting laughed at, so prefers not to sing at all. The phlegmatic one will—if he is obliged to—join in a song. (p. 48.)

We notice here the word *melancholist*, which sounds odd to English ears. So does *sanguinist*, which frequently occurs. In fact, the book, though very clear and intelligible, has a German ring about its English, and sometimes has real mistakes, e.g., *succeed to gain*. (p. 47.) The phlegmatic child is fond of *leaning up against others* (p. 50), and one feels oneself *bodily unhealthy*. (p. 32.) But these are trifles, and we recommend the book to all parents and persons interested in or concerned with education. It shows a thorough knowledge of human nature, and especially of child nature, and above all, is

¹ *The Four Temperaments in Children*. By Bernhard Hellwig. Paderborn: J. Esser.

characterized by a Christian spirit, and insists on religion as the groundwork of all sound education.

The author of *The Angel of Love*¹ has a great command of sweet language, and he handles metres of many descriptions with sound judgment and tact. His rhymes are good, his feet move nimbly and harmoniously. These are excellent qualities, but they are not sufficient for one who would write poetry. There is but little above the level of the average verse writers to be found in these poems. Under the form lies no solid substance. The songs would perhaps have some success if set to music, but the poems showing more sustained effort, such as the one which gives its title to the book, are to us quite incomprehensible. As for the sonnets, they are written correctly according to a certain model, but they show few of the qualities which a good sonnet should have.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* contains an attractive and instructive paper from the gifted pen of Father Meschler, who sets before us the Son of God as the Model of the Christian teacher. He mentions what are the principal qualities requisite in a teacher, what the method pursued in education should be, and what results may be anticipated from it, as exemplified in the character and actions of the Saviour portrayed in the Gospels. The sketch of the gradual growth and extension of the devotion to St. Joseph commenced in a former issue of the *Stimmen*, is concluded in the current number. The writer draws attention to the fact that already in the thirteenth century the Spouse of Mary began to be frequently depicted by the chisel of the sculptor and the pencil of the artist; several hymns, composed chiefly by Carmelite monks, were about the same time written in his honour. Nor was he extolled in painting and verse only; his praise was proclaimed by St. Bernardine of Siena, the greatest preacher of his day, and Pope Sixtus the Fourth made his feast one of the first class. Ever since the impetus given to the devotion by St. Teresa, it has progressed not in slow degrees, but by leaps and bounds, first in Europe, then throughout the world. Father Beissel contributes an account, historical and descriptive, of the famous Book of the

¹ *The Angel of Love*, and other Poems. By Richard Yates Sturges. The Complete Edition. Birmingham: Jas. Bertram Webb, 1889.

Gospels, executed by command of Ada, the sister of Charlemagne, and now preserved in the library of Treves. A careful examination of this and other illuminated MSS. of the Carolingian period has recently been made by savants, in order to assign them to the different schools of painting then existing. The *Stimmen* also gives some letters hitherto unpublished, which were addressed to the poet Dreves by his more celebrated contemporary, Eichendorff, during a friendship of some years, that lasted until the death of the latter. These letters possess a literary value on account of being the only ones from the pen of the writer which have been preserved; they will form part of a memoir of Dreves, now in course of preparation by Father Kreiten.

The principal paper of note in the *Katholik* for March is an interesting essay by Dr. Samson, detailing and explaining the ceremonies of Holy Week, the *Charwoche*, as it is called in German, from an old Teutonic word signifying mourning. Not only is the key given to the symbolism of the beautiful and significant ceremonies of the Church at this sacred season, but many national customs, local traditions, and curious usages connected with the history of the Passion are mentioned and elucidated. In commenting on the Encyclical of the Holy Father on the duties of Christian citizens, the *Katholik* remarks that none of his predecessors in the Chair of Peter have expounded as he does, the way in which the principles of truth and justice, in both the supernatural and the natural order, are to be carried into practice. The force and moderation, the discretion and wisdom wherewith he thus fulfils his office of teacher of the nations is said to be his special gift. The readers of the *Katholik* cannot but see the advisability of the reforms in minor matters suggested as a means of promoting uniformity of observance throughout the several dioceses of Germany. The adoption of an authorized translation of the Latin prayers and hymns in daily use is advocated amongst other things; one may go, it is said, into ten different dioceses successively and hear ten different versions of the *Salve Regina* and the Hail Mary at the end of Mass. The use of missions as a means of civilization forms the subject of another article. It is true that social culture without the true religion cannot permanently raise the untutored savage from his degraded state; he only adds the vices of civilization to his own brutal instincts. But by the influence of the

Catholic missionary his nature is transformed; not only is his spiritual darkness dispelled, but his material conditions are likewise improved. The services rendered by missionaries also to science in its various branches must not be overlooked.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (954) comments on the proposal to form a party of Conservatives in Italy within the Liberal party, divided as it already is into three groups, the Moderate Liberals, the Radicals, and the Socialists. This project, proposing to consolidate and preserve the results gained by the Italian "resurrection," and to establish on a firmer basis the liberty guaranteed to the Pope, by giving to the guarantee laws the form of national statutes, is shown to be utterly futile, since the only true Conservatives, the so-called Clericals, are excluded from it. The learned writer who recently published in the *Civiltà* the result of his painstaking researches into the origin and history of the sometime conquerors of Egypt, the Hyksos, or shepherd-kings, establishing their identity with the descendants of Heth, now offers what he modestly calls some suggestions concerning the tribe of Heth, or Hittites. It is conjectured that in remote ages they immigrated into Italy, and it is they who are mentioned in the Scriptures in the prophecy of Balaam as coming in galleys from Italy to waste the Hebrews. In another article the manner in which God guides by His Divine influences the human will towards good, without interfering with man's freedom of action, is clearly and fully explained according to the teaching of St. Thomas. The archaeological notes give the text of a speech made by the Emperor Nero at Corinth, granting liberty and exemption from taxation to the people of Achaia, which throws light on the chronology of that period, by fixing the time of his return to Rome after his visit to Greece. It is of value as helping to determine the date of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul. A paragraph from the letters of St. Clement bearing on this event, the meaning of which has not been rightly understood, is also discussed at some length. In the following number (955) the lamentable decadence of the Italian Universities in regard to religion, morals, discipline, and the standard of attainments is deeply deplored. It results from the present system of bureaucratic government, and the maleficent influence of Freemasonic principles. Modern Socialism in its various forms, its motives, its claims, and the means employed to attain its object, is the topic of another article.

The opening article in the *Études* for March is a review of a new edition lately published with notes and corrections by a young and rising writer, of the letters of Servant Loup, a monk of the ninth century. The *raison d'être* of this re-publication is not very apparent and would not have been considered deserving of notice in the *Études*, were it not that importance is given to it by the source whence it comes, the *École des Hautes Études*. Father Martin undertakes to disprove the assertion of the enemies of the Church that the priest is a paid functionary of the State, like any other public servant, whose salary may be withdrawn or diminished at the will of the Government. This statement is a pretext for spoliation, put forward with the view of destroying the sacerdotal dignity and the social position of the Catholic clergy. When the Revolution in '89 appropriated the Church property, it pledged itself in the name of the nation, to provide for the maintenance of public worship, and the income paid to the clergy is a debt of honour and justice. Not until 1885 did the Government under any Constitution arrogate to itself the right to suspend the salary of the priest who should venture to disapprove of its measures. Father Delaporte gives a specimen of the alterations desired by the would-be reformers of orthography, and the reasons wherewith they support their petition. These have, one and all, been proposed, discussed, and rejected in past years. Wood-engraving as practised by the Chinese forms the subject of an interesting article. This industry is one of the oldest of the Celestial Empire, and is said to have originated some two or three centuries before the Christian era. The process of engraving, and the instruments employed by the engraver in China are described, as well as the method of writing with a brush, which is considered as an art akin to drawing. European indifference to good calligraphy astonishes the Chinese and Japanese. Father Brucker concludes his essay on the futility of the attempts of modern critics to explain away the miracles recorded in Holy Scripture. A missionary who has laboured for seven years among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, contributes a paper of painful interest, narrating the ghastly tale of the war of extermination carried on by the American Government against the aborigines within the last forty years, in flagrant violation of the terms of treaty.

